

# Harvard College

# Class of 1860



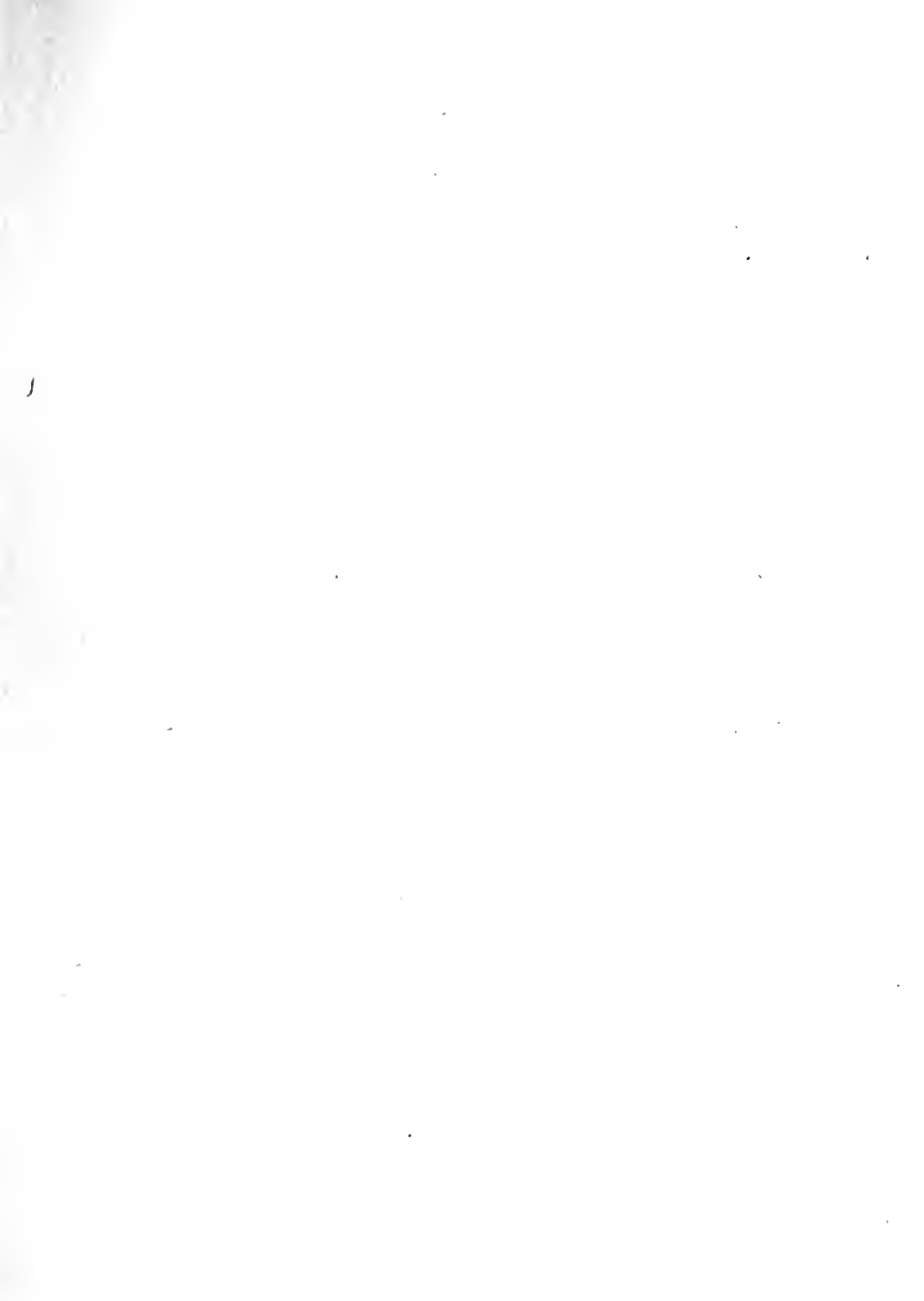
## Secretary's Report

Printed for the Use  
of the Class

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BARRE:  
C. GUSTAVUS ROGERS  
Gazette Press  
1915







CLASS OF 1860



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HARVARD COLLEGE

REPORT

OF

THE CLASS OF 1860

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1910—1915

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*"Let us Classmates be Forever."*

CLASS SONG.

## Introduction

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Y DEAR CLASSMATES, another five years have passed since I gave you a Class Book. This is the fifth volume brought out since I became your Secretary. With your loyal and zealous assistance, these volumes, I believe, have been of great interest and value. This volume will present to you in the yearly record you have sent in, the vivid personality of the men of Sixty. You can almost see the men stand up and speak. The fifteen men who have left us during the last five years were typical men, and we do so miss them. It almost seems as if the erasing brush had swept the best colors from our class picture, so as to cheat our recognition. But as we stood up together, on the twenty-third day of June, at the Vendome, the group of twenty-one, although smaller, was still Old Sixty: cheerful, brave, a little grayer, standing a little closer together. Shall we miss fifteen when we stand together in 1920? God forbid; but whomever He calls it will still be "Never fear, then, for Sixty, forward hearts bold and true." I have heard this year from all but Perdicaris and "Joe" Shippen. I had hoped for his appearance at the class dinner. It would have been very inspiring to hear his lusty voice rolling out "Erl King" solo, "*Wer reitet so spät durch nacht und wind?*" You made the day and the dinner memorable to your Secretary; happier and stronger he assumes his honorable task for another five years; in the future, as in the past, send me all the items that seem to you to be noteworthy. It will be a grateful help. For another five years, then, "Stand fast, and having done all, stand!"

STEPHEN WM. DRIVER,

Secretary.

BARRE, JULY 24, 1915.



## Members of the Class

*George Edward Henry Abbot, A. M.....	*1911
*Edward Gardiner Abbott.....	*1862
*Henry Livermore Abbot, A. M.....	*1864
*Benjamin Faneuil Dunkin Adams, M. D. 1864.....	*1895
George Everett Adams, LL. B. 1865; M. C.; Overseer, 1895	
*William Hooper Adams, A. M. 1866.....	*1880
*Henry Freeman Allen, Andover Theol. Sem. 1863....	*1914
*William Sumner Appleton, A. M. 1864; LL. B. 1865; Memb. Mass. Hist. Soc.; Fellow Am. Acad....	*1903
Henry Dean Atwood	
*Frederick William Batchelder, A. M. 1865.....	*1911
Selwin Zadock Bowman, LL. B. 1863; M. C. Frederic Wainwright Bradlee	
*Lane William Brandon.....	*1912
*Henry Burdick, A. M. 1868.....	*1882
*Thomas Burgess, 1861; A. B. Oxford 1864.....	*1912
Edward Carter, A. M. 1865	
*Henry Austin Clapp, LL. B. 1864; A. M. (Hon.) 1894	*1904
*William Gardner Colburn, LL. B. 1862.....	*1875
*John Treadwell Cole, M. D. Bellevue Hosp. Med. Col. 1864. . . . .	*1871
*William Ellery Copeland, A. M. 1864; Div. S. 1866	*1904
*Caspar Crowninshield.....	*1897
*Julius Dexter, LL. B. Cincinnati 1865; Corr. Memb. Mass. Hist. Soc.....	*1898
*Charles Henry Doe, A. M. 1872.....	*1900
Stephen William Driver, M. D. 1863	
*Edward Franklin Everett, A. M.....	*1899
*Josiah Milton Fairfield.....	*1865
James Champlin Fernald, L. H. D. Denison, O., 1904 Charles Henry Fiske	
*Thomas Bailey Fox, LL. B. 1862.....	*1863

## MEMBERS OF THE CLASS

*William Eliot Furness, A. M.; LL. B. 1863.....	*1913
William Channing Gannett, A. M.; Div. S. 1868; D. D. 1908	
*Henry Ware Hall, 1863.....	*1864
*Frank Haseltine, LL. B. Univ. Pa. 1866.....	*1910
*Audley Haslett, A. M.; M. D. Columbia (Coll. Phys. and Surg.) 1867.....	*1901
*James Haughton, A. M. 1866.....	*1914
*Horace John Hayden, A. M.....	*1900
Henry Hinckley	
*Wesley Otheman Holway, A. M. 1870; D. D. 1896..	*1915
*Julius Sedgwick Hood.....	*1861
*Mahlon Hopkins.....	*1879
*Charles Adams Horne, Head Master High S. Albany, (N. Y.).....	*1906
*Edwin Johnson Horton, A. M.....	*1897
*Horace Howland.....	*1908
Charles Alfred Humphreys, Div. S. 1863	
Francis Welles Hunnewell, A. M.; LL. B. 1864	
*John Welles Hunnewell, A. M.; S. B. 1863.....	*1909
*Horatio Deming Jarves.....	*1883
Edward Crosby Johnson	
Arthur May Knapp, Div. S. 1867	
Daniel Talcott Smith Leland, A. M.	
*Henry Leonard, A. M.....	*1875
Henry Stephen Mackintosh, A. M.; Asst. Prof. U. S. Naval Acad. Annapolis, Md.	
*William MacRae Magenis.....	*1864
*Charles James Mills.....	*1865
John Torrey Morse, Overseer; Memb. Mass. Hist. Soc.	
*Charles Redington Mudge.....	*1863
Myron Andrews Munson, A. M. 1865; Andover Theol. Sem. 1864	
Charles Alexander Nelson, A. M.; Lib. Colum. Coll.	
*Edgar Marshall Newcomb.....	*1862
*Franklin Nickerson, M. D. 1863.....	*1912
*George Edward Niles, A. M.....	*1898

# MEMBERS OF THE CLASS

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*George Sterne Osborne, 1861; M. D. 1863.....	*1901
*Hersey Goodwin Palfrey.....	*1911
*Charles Chauncy Parsons, LL. B. 1862.....	*1901
*Daniel Webster Paul, A. M.....	*1893?
*William Edward Perkins, LL. B. 1862.....	*1879
*Charles Appleton Phillips.....	*1876
Silas Dean Presbrey, A. M.; M. D. 1865	
*William Matticks Rogers.....	*1862
*Henry Sturgis Russell.....	*1905
Henry Bruce Scott, LL. B. 1862	
*Robert Gould Shaw, 1873.....	*1863
*Thomas Sherwin.....	*1914
Joseph Shippen, A. M. 1867	
*Benjamin Smith Skinner.....	*1864
*Addison Gilbert Smith, A. M. 1869.....	*1874
Henry George Spaulding, Div. S. 1866	
*John Williams Stearns, A. M. 1866; LL. D. Univ. Chicago 1877; Prof. Latin Univ. Chicago; Direc- tor Nat. Normal S. Tucuman (Argentine Repub.); Pres. State Normal S. Whitewater (Wis.); Prof. Philos. and Pedagogy Univ. Wis.....	*1909
*Charles Wistar Stevens, Ecole de Medecine (Paris) 1868; M. D. 1870.....	*1901
*Edward Ford Stokes, A. M. 1866.....	*1886
Charles Walter Swan, A. M. 1864; M. D. 1864	
*Lewis William Tappan.....	*1897
*James Bourne Freeman Thomas.....	*1914
James Augustus Towle, Andover Theol. Sem. 1869; Prof. Greek Lang. and Lit. Ripon Coll. (Wis.) Acting Prof. Greek Iowa Col.	
*Louis Walter Clifford Wade, A. M. 1872.....	*1899
*Alexander Fairfield Wadsworth, A. M.; LL. B. 1863	*1906
*Oliver Fairfield Wadsworth, A. M.; M. D. 1865; Wil- liams Prof. Ophthalmology; Fellow Amer. Academy	*1911
*James Bryant Walker, Prof. Equity and Dean Law S. Cincinnati Coll.....	*1874
*Emory Washburn, A. M. 1864; LL. B. 1862.....	*1885

- \*George Willis Warren, A. M. 1864; Andover Theol. Sem. 1867; Prof. N. T. Lit. Chicago Theol. Sem. \*1888  
 Samuel Gilbert Webber, M. D. 1865; Prof. Neurol. Tufts
- \*Joseph Dunning Weed. . . . . \*1906
- \*Francis Minot Weld, A. M. 1871; M. D. 1864; Overseer. . . . . \*1893
- \*George Walker Weld. . . . . \*1905  
 Stephen Minot Weld, A. M.; Overseer
- \*George Fisk Weston, 1862. . . . . \*1864  
 Edmund Wetmore, LL. B. Columbia 1863; Overseer 1895; Pres. Alumni Association.
- \*Albert Blodgett Weymouth, A. M.; also Acadia, N. S., 1904; M. D. Bellevue Hosp. Med. Coll. (N. Y.) 1863; M. D. (Hon.) Bowd. 1866. . . . . \*1913  
 Nelson Joseph Wheeler, Newton Theol. Inst. 1863
- \*George Gill Wheelock, A. M. 1864; M. D. Columbia (Coll. Phys. and Surg.) 1864. . . . . \*1907
- \*John Corlies White. . . . . \*1872  
 George Henry Whittemore, A. M.; Newton Theol. Inst. 1868; Acting Prof. Heb. Lang. and Lit. Rochester Theol. Seminary (N. Y.)
- \*Charles Albert Whittier. . . . . \*1908
- \*Arthur Wilkinson, 1881. . . . . \*1860
- \*Robert Willard, M. D. 1864. . . . . \*1892
- \*Israel Francis Williams, Div. S. 1863. . . . . \*1864
- \*James Henry Wilson. . . . . \*1892
- \*William Converse Wood, A. M. 1865; Andover Theol. Sem. 1868. . . . . \*1907
- \*Calvin Milton Woodward, Ph. D. (Hon.) Washington Univ. (Mo.) 1882; LL. D. Washington 1905; Univ. Wisconsin 1908; *applied* and S. of Engineering and Architecture, Washington; Asst. Prof. Math. and Prof. Math. and Mechan. Washington Univ.; Dean Polytechnic S. Washington Univ. . . . \*1914
- \*George Brooks Young, A. M.; LL. B. 1863; Just. Supr. Court, Minn. . . . . \*1906

## Temporary Members

*John Andrews.....	*1857
*Henry Martyn Atkinson, A. B. 1861; Pres. Wood- land Colleg. Institute (Cal.).....	*1887
*John White Chickering Baker.....	*1871
David Moore Balch, S. B. 1859	
*Nathaniel Saltonstall Barstow.....	*1864
*George Sidney Bowen.....	*1857
Charles Edwin Brown	
*Walter Curtis.....	*1876
Frederic Henry Elder	
*Henry Chotard Eustis.....	*1903
*Alfred White Gannett.....	*1901
*George Frederic Gay.....	*1904
George Sears Greene	
*Charles Henry Hall, D. V. S. Amer. Vet. Coll. (N. Y.) 1877; M. D. Univ. New York 1881.....	*1902
Isaac Hills Hazelton, M. D. 1861	
*Arundel Hopkins, M. D. Univ. Maryland 1863.....	*1873
*William Guptil Hubbard, A. B. 1863.....	*1865
*Thomas Devereux Jones.....	*1863
*Numa Olivier Lauve.....	*1888
*Frank William Lawrence.....	*1903
Ion Hanford Perdicaris	
*George Brown Perry, LL.B. 1861.....	*1867
*Charles Alston Pringle.....	*1862
*William Rotch Rodman.....	*1860
*Warren Dutton Russell.....	*1862
*Charles Christie Salter, A. B. 1861; Div. S. 1865....	*1870
*William Cadwalader Schley.....	*1888
*Thomas Parker Smith.....	*1900
James Henry Stearns, A. B. 1862	
James Pierce Stearns	
James Kent Stone, A. B. 1861 (1863); A. M.; S. T. D. Racine (Wis.) 1868; Adj. Prof. and Prof. Latin and Pres. Kenyon Coll. (O.); Pres. Hobart	

## MEMBERS OF THE CLASS

Coll. (N. Y.); Fr. Fidelis of Passionist Order  
1897

*Ebenezer Francis Thayer.....	*1858
*Abner Francis Thompson.....	*1864
*Edmund Winchester Whittemore.....	*
*George William Wilson.....	*1872
*Henry Winsor.....	*1894



Members of Class.....	46	plus	64	=	110
Temporary Members.....	9	plus	27	=	36
	—		—		—
	55	plus	91	=	146



## Class Officers

STEPHEN WILLIAM DRIVER, *Secretary*.

STEPHEN M. WELD, *Treasurer*.

EDWARD C. JOHNSON, *Committee*.

## Harvard College, Class of 1860

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ABBOT, GEORGE EDWARD HENRY. 1911. I always regret, when I receive one of your annual letters of inquiry, that I cannot respond in a way more satisfactory to you and to our Classmates; but in my quiet life I find very few incidents or experiences that seem worthy and appropriate for mention. We are all getting old, and the passing years are paving our way through this world to a still better one. If we live innocently, and add to our innocence even a *little* of beneficence, that will make our last days all the happier.

During most of the year 1910-11 I have been much "under the weather," that is, my vitality has been at a low ebb, and in the late winter and early spring I had a very serious illness from which I am now recovering. My seclusion gives me a valued opportunity for reading and study. Please give my regards to our Classmates.

George Edward Henry Abbot died at Groton on August 24, 1911. He was born at Westford, February 15, 1838, the son of Rev. Ephraim Abbot (H. C., 1806), a Unitarian minister, and of Abigail Whiting (Bancroft) Abbot, daughter of Dr. Amos Bancroft, H. C., 1791. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy; entered the Class of '60 in Sophomore year, and after graduating taught a small district school for a season. Then for many years he took private pupils, varying his employment by nursing the sick and by land-surveying. He never married.

Since the death of his mother at a very advanced age in 1886, Mr. Abbot lived with his two unmarried sisters in the house to which they all moved after the death of his father in 1870. His two sisters died in 1908 and since that time Mr. Abbot lived entirely alone until last February, when he had an attack of hernia and very nearly

died. Since then, until his death, he was cared for by a housekeeper, and although growing slowly but steadily weaker, he suffered but little. About a week before his death he had another severe attack and went to bed, which he never left except for intervals of a few moments. He was conscious until about three hours before his death, but very weak and died without any suffering. For the past ten years he had led a most retired life, and did not go more than one hundred feet from his house. He was, however, always glad to receive visitors at his house and kept in touch through newspapers, magazines and friends with all that went on in the outside world. He was very fond of discussing the Bible and abstruse religious subjects, and for the past thirty years had been a devout and sincere believer in Spiritualism. He was without guile and could not believe that others were not as guileless. Through inheritance he was the possessor of a large library, in which he took much pleasure, and in a house full of rare and valuable furniture and china, much of which belonged formerly to the Holyoke and Bromfield and Pearson families, his father's first wife having been a daughter of Professor Eliphalet Pearson of Harvard College, and a grand-daughter of President Edward Holyoke, president of Harvard from 1737 to 1769.

Mr. Abbot died on Thursday afternoon, August 24, at 7.30, and the funeral services were held at his home on Sunday, the 27th, at 2 o'clock P. M. Burial was in the family lot in Westford Cemetery. Mr. Abbot left nine heirs, all cousins and half-cousins, and the furniture, china, pictures, etc., will be sold at public auction in the Town Hall in Groton on the 26th, 27th and 28th of October. The silver will probably be disposed of at private sale, as will also the more valuable books. The house and land will be sold later. Harvard College is interested in buying the Holyoke silver and furniture and I hope will be successful.

Very sincerely yours,

LAWRENCE PARK,

*Administrator.*

ADAMS, GEORGE EVERETT. 1911. I have nothing interesting for the Class records. In a week we go to Peterboro for the summer. I wish I might see you oftener.

I am sorry not to have met you and the fellows on Commencement Day. I had to go to Chicago on business. It is the first time that I have missed Commencement for many years. I made a short address on Memorial Day and have had it printed and wish to send a copy to each of our fellows.

1912. Mr. Adams is abroad. Expects to sail for the United States June first. You can probably reach him at his summer home, Peterboro, N. H., about June 15th.

W. J. WAKEFIELD,  
Secretary.

June 5, 1914. In February sailed for Africa, Sicily and Italy and landed in New York a week ago. Am glad you had a "Sixty" reunion. I don't know where I shall be on Commencement Day. Am well. Give my regards to Classmates.

May 7, 1915. We are very well and very busy. Mrs. Adams and my daughter and I spent the winter on the farm. I have no records for the class book.

He was at the Class Dinner, June 23, 1915.

ALLEN, HENRY F. 1912. Personal items: Nothing new. Received the degree of D. D. last summer from the *Boston Herald*. Am hoping this summer to receive LL. D. from Hearst's *Boston American*, but am not sure.

Occupation: Still working in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Florence, Italy.

State of health. Is it "Sixty up?" Arteries in excellent condition.

Rev. Henry Freeman Allen, formerly rector of the Church of the Messiah in Boston, died suddenly on June 12, 1914, at the home of his son, Dr. Freeman Allen, '93, in Boston. He was taken sick on the Steamer Canopic, on which he returned from Europe on June 1. For a while he improved, but then suddenly succumbed to heart failure. He was born in Pemberton Square, Boston, March 1, 1838, the son of Freeman Allen, a prominent merchant of his

day, and of Harriet Reed Allen. Prepared for college at the Boston Latin School. Graduated at Harvard in 1860, among the Phi Beta Kappa. Attended the Andover Theological School, graduated in 1863, and became rector of the P. E. Church in Stockbridge. Thence he went to Amherst, and in 1877 he came to Boston as rector of the Church of the Messiah, then on Florence Street, now St. Stephen's Church. He stayed there till 1894, when he went abroad for quiet. During the last fifteen years there were few Sundays when he did not conduct services at Lucerne, Switzerland, and lately at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Florence, Italy. In 1865 he married, at Hartford, Conn., Georgiana Stowe, youngest daughter of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Allen died Jan. 13, 1890. Mr. Allen's son survives him.

ATWOOD, HENRY D. 1911. Family items: Nothing new. Personal items: Running my farm as usual, and striving with great difficulty to avoid running into debt. Occupation, honors: I occupy my spare time in reading and writing, and have an occasional article in the *Forest and Stream*. I have received a testimonial from the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Massachusetts, reading thus:

"We, reposing special confidence and trust in the Zeal, Fidelity and Discretion of our Trusted and well beloved Companion, have issued the Testimonial of our esteem for his meritorious services and recommend him to the hospitality and protection of the Craft wherever dispersed."

I have been appointed to deliver the poem before William H. Bartlett Post, No. 3, of the Grand Army of the Republic on Memorial Day.

Physical Condition: Fair. Comments and Remarks: If I could sell the manuscript written at sundry times, which I now have on hand, at the rate of one dollar per pound, I should have enough to take me on a trip to Europe. As it is I must content myself with currying my horse, and thinking he ought to be an auto.

1912. Replying to your kind inquiry of May 7th, would state: I have been laid up ever since last July, the greater part of the time in the house, under the care of two doctors and several nurses, and am now only able to go out on pleasant days for short intervals.

"Occupation:" I am engaged in overhauling old manuscripts, and making selections therefrom for future publications. I enclose herewith a brief poem which I composed at the age of twelve, while seated one night on the river bank. This poem was published at the time in a local paper.

"State of health:" Is it "Sixty up?" I have already answered, and would further state that it was so nearly *up* with me that I was unable to stand, and hardly able to move. I am in hopes, however, to again raise my voice when occasion comes to sing: "Here comes 'Sixty,' Clear the Way!"

1913. Family items: My oldest son has been appointed Medical Examiner of this district, a position which was previously held by Dr. Presbrey. My youngest son is Superintendent of Production at the Everett Plant of the General Electric Co., and is also at the head of the office force there. My daughter is court stenographer, and is the author of a number of short prize stories, which were published in the *Boston Post*. Personal items: I have recently been elected a member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society. I am the lineal descendant of Col. Benjamin Church, who commanded the Colonial forces when King Philip was killed. State of health is poor. I occupy a good part of my time in reading and writing and solving puzzles.

#### TAUNTON RIVER.

Oh, fairest of the rivers,  
Thou swiftly rolling tide,  
I watch thy flowing surface,  
Reclining by thy side.  
  
I watch the fading sunbeams  
Which glimmer over all,  
Which cast a golden radiance,  
And glisten as they fall  
Upon the lofty pine-trees  
That stand above thy banks,  
With dense and gloomy foliage,  
In many giant ranks.  
  
And as the evening cometh,  
The night air, faint and still,  
Wafts slowly o'er thy waters

The voice of "whip-poor-will."  
 Again, methinks I hear it,  
 A mournful, soothing lay,  
 In mellow cadence floating,  
 That dieth soon away.

And now the moon ariseth;  
 With gentle, silver glow  
 It glances on thy pine-trees,  
 Then on thyself below.  
 And 'neath thy burnished surface,  
 Together with the sky,  
 Like rubies in their setting,  
 The stars reflected lie.

Oh, river of my childhood,  
 Oh, river bright and free,  
 Accept the simple strophes  
 My muse has brought to thee.

HENRY D. ATWOOD.

Prepared at the last  
 Life's shackles to cast  
 And go, when the Master shall call.

May 1, 1914. Personal items: I have written up the genealogy of the Dean family—over eleven hundred members; also written up the Battle of Brooklyn in August, 1776.

Occupation: I have occupied myself in various ways—making puzzles, writing for the papers and supervising my farm, that is, going out in the morning and seeing my hired man work.

Miscellaneous: I watch the squirrels in my grounds and have colonies of blackbirds, robins, blue jays, woodpeckers and pigeons, sparrows and crows.

I think my health for a man of my age is all that can be expected.

BATCHELDER, FREDERICK WILLIAM. 1911. Family items: None. Personal items: Nothing new. Occupation, honors: Rest six days in the week and work on the seventh—in church. No additional honors, except once in a while, a new grand-nephew or grand-niece. Physical condition: Better than last year. Am preparing my mind for our fifty-fifth. Comments and Remarks. But wasn't that fiftieth of ours great? I see we are at

last accounts 46 minus 1. Your Report, also, was great and worthy of you and of the occasion.

Extract from *Springfield Republican*, Oct. 12, 1911:

The deeply regretted news became known late yesterday afternoon of the death of Frederick W. Batchelder, one of the city's most beloved and best known residents, following an illness of two weeks.

Frederick W. Batchelder was born in Pelham. His father was Dr. Amos Batchelder, a practicing physician for 52 years in that town, and his mother was Rebecca (Atwood) Batchelder. His early education comprised five years in the Andrews Grammar School of Boston and four years in the Boston Latin School, and after completing these courses he entered Harvard College, from which he was graduated in the Class of 1860. In addition to the classical course he pursued the study of medicine, being a student under Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In 1860 the war spirit was running high, and he, among many others of the "Fighting Class of '60," answered the call of the Union, entering the navy as a surgeon's assistant, in which capacity he served for thirteen months upon one of the vessels engaged in the blockade of Port Royal, when physical disability enforced his retirement from the service.

Coming to Manchester in 1863, he became a teacher of the piano and organ and of harmony and counterpoint. His musical education was obtained mainly in Boston, under Adolph Baumbach.

In composition and arrangement of music, his work shows a grace and finish which indicate depth of appreciation and technical knowledge. Mr. Batchelder's experience as an organist covers a practically uninterrupted period of 52 years, commencing at Appleton Chapel, Harvard, and including Mt. Vernon Church, Boston, the Franklin Street and First Unitarian Churches of this city, and the South Church at Springfield, Mass. The maturity of his organ work can readily be realized.

In 1875, he was united in marriage to Miss Annie Varney, daughter of Hon. David B. Varney of this city, who survives him. Their beloved only child, Harriet Varney Batchelder, died in 1889.

In 1888, Mr. Batchelder and his family removed to Springfield,

Mass., where he taught music for eight years, returning to this city in 1896, to engage again in musical pursuits.

Always an ardent student of natural history, he at once became a prime mover in the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, in which he remained one of the most important factors literally until his last illness. His knowledge of the birds and plants of the district was greater than that of any other human being, and he was largely consulted upon such matters, not only locally, but by learned instructors the country over. It is indeed fortunate that his works upon these subjects remain to testify to and to perpetuate this knowledge. He published in the *Proceedings of the Manchester Institute* several consecutive lists of the plants and of the birds of southern New Hampshire, which are regarded as standard contributions to their respective fields of knowledge. He may properly be regarded as the botanist and ornithologist of this district, for no other writer has covered it specifically. He edited for the Institute Allen's *Birds of New Hampshire*, and it is characteristic that his last literary work was the editing for this organization of Wright's "*Birds of the Jefferson Region*," which occupied him up to the very day of his incapacity.

In addition to his literary work in botany, he had collected for the Institute an herbarium of local plants more complete than any other in existence. He was for years president of the Botanical Section of the Institute, and was a member of the Institute Council almost from its beginning.

Mr. Batchelder was a beloved member of the Manchester Harvard Club, of which he was president, and the dean of the Manchester alumni. He never lost the ability to enter into the college spirit in a manner to vie with the latest graduate.

Although for years lacking full physical strength, his indomitable spirit was never impaired, and his capacity for productive work of a lasting nature was enormous. Nor did semi-invalidism ever dim his buoyancy of spirit or shake his optimism. A genial and quaint humor coexisted in him with the ability of the closest scientific reasoning and the soundest judgment in matters of art. He "died young" in the sense that life never conquered his enthusiasm or reduced his interests.

Mr. Batchelder is survived by his widow and his sister-in-law, Miss Emma Varney; by three brothers, Adolph Batchelder of

Nashua, Warren Batchelder of this city, and Edward Batchelder of New York, and by two sisters, Mrs. Harriet Nelson of Nashua, and Mrs. Frank Stickney of Pelham.

MY DEAR DR. DRIVER:—I received a most cordial and sympathetic letter from Rev. Henry Spaulding after the meeting of the Class of '60 in 1912, and I was most grateful to him and to all the members of the class for their kind and friendly tribute to my husband's worth and character. I wrote to Dr. Spaulding at once thanking him and the Class.

Very sincerely yours,

ANNIE V. BATCHELDER,

220 Myrtle St.,

Manchester, N. H.

June 9, 1912.

BOWMAN, SELWYN Z. 1911. Please pardon my delay in replying to your letter of May first, which I found here on returning from a vacation, which I was obliged to take on account of nervous prostration, resulting from the protracted sickness and death of my wife, who had been very good and dear to me during a married life of more than forty years, and without whom I should feel lost, were it not that I have two daughters, who do all they can to make up their mother's loss.

Personal items: Death on March seventeenth of my wife. Occupation: Still practicing law. Honors: None. Physical condition: Am fairly well. Comments and Remarks: Nothing of interest that I can say.

1912. Occupation: Still digging away in the same old treadmill of law-practice. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" It is "Sixty up" to 72 on May 11, 1912. When I am referred to as "my venerable friend, the Nestor of the Bar," I realize that I am a septuagenarian, plus 3. Am well; no chronic disease, but I don't know what a doctor would say if he turned an X-ray on me and looked at my insides.

I hope, my dear Doctor, that you are well and flourishing in perennial youth in body, as I know you are in mind.

1913. Still working at the law. Health fairly good—no chronic disease—it is seventy-three (years) up, but not "still," but still working. With best wishes for your happiness and your health; '60 could not get along without you.

May 1, 1914. Nothing new.

Occupation: Lawyer—in my fifty-second year of practice.

Miscellaneous: My health is good. No chronic disease that I know of, but I do not feel the enthusiasm for work that I used to, and am meaning to get out of it, having arrived at the stage when it all seems "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable."

I trust you are well. At our last meeting you seemed to have drunk at the fountain of perpetual youth and I hope you will continue to quaff that innocent, pleasant beverage, for you certainly cannot be spared from the ranks of '60.

May 1, 1915. Nothing new, except that I have moved my domicile from Somerville to Cohasset.

Occupation: Lawyer. I hope by next year to answer "Loafer," as I have worked for 53 years and now the spirit is not willing and the flesh is weak.

State of Health: Fair for man of 75; no chronic disease.

BRADLEE, FREDERICK W. 1911. Family items: None. Personal items: None. Occupation and honors: None. Physical condition: Fairly good, but I am feeling my 71 years. Comments and Remarks: None.

1912. Personal items: Nothing new. Occupation: None. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Fairly good for 72 years.

BRANDON, LANE W. 1911. Occupation, Honors: Retired. Physical condition: I still live. Health poor. Comments and Remarks: None worth mentioning.

1912. Family items: Same as last report. Personal items: Nothing worth mentioning. Occupation: None. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Chronic invalid.

DEAR DR. DRIVER:—Papa always said you were so busy when the papers for the yearly data came, he had me answer as briefly as

possible, so I hesitate to say much, and then it is not necessary; you knew him. Intellectually he was the equal of the best, but his moral worth was to his children his most charming characteristic. He was beloved by everyone and a sweet mention of him was made in a Missouri paper and I am sending it to you. His friends were very dear to him, and though he lived so far away none of you was forgotten.

Sincerely,

BELLE BRANDON.

Capt. Lane W. Brandon died at New Orleans, La., Nov. 23, 1912. He was born in Wilkinson County, Miss., Aug. 15, 1837, son of Gen. William L. and Ann Eliza (Ratcliffe) Brandon. After graduating from Harvard, he enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army. He served throughout the war in the Army of Northern Virginia, was in fifteen important battles, and was promoted to captain after the battle of Gettysburg. In 1866 he married Ann Eliza Semple, and thenceforward managed a plantation at W. Feliciana, La.; 1884-96 he was clerk of court. Latterly he resided in New Orleans. He had four daughters.

WEYANOKE P. O., LOUISIANA,

JAN. 8, 1913.

MY DEAR DR. DRIVER:—I thank you very much indeed for the privilege your letter of the 21st ultimo gives me of submitting to his Alma Mater the details of my beloved father's honorable and well-spent life.

Soon after his return from college, he entered the Civil War. Not that he was in favor of it, for he deplored it, having kinsmen on the Southern side and many loved college friends in the Union ranks, who frequently extended him courtesies and kindnesses whenever they were in such proximity as to make it possible. After peace was declared, he returned to Mississippi, and on Oct. 25, 1865, he married Ann Semple, one of the most beautiful girls of the South. She was a graduate of Potapsco Institute, near Ellicott's Mills, Maryland, and eminently fitted in every way to preside over the home they made together on the banks of the Mississippi River, in West Feliciana Parish, Louisiana. It consisted of two thousand acres of land, mostly in virgin forest and unimproved. My father

first erected a cottage residence and sawmill, which he operated in connection with a woodyard for the steamboats, employing mostly white labor to assist in his business. As the land became cleared he planted more largely each year of cotton, building in all about fifty dwellings for negro tenants, and erected a costly and up-to-date cotton gin and grist mill, which he operated successfully for a number of years.

When the overflowing of the river and cotton morasses worked to his detriment on the plantation, he entered the political arena and became Clerk of the Court at St. Francisville, Louisiana, which office he filled for twelve years, continuing all the while the other industries with the assistance of his wife and daughters, their four children being all girls, who were educated for the most part at Hollins Institute, Virginia. Upon his retirement from the Clerk's office, he built a large two-story residence on the plantation in order to take into his care the aged and feeble ones of his own and his wife's family. Not many years afterward his health began to fail and he turned over the landed property to his two sons-in-law to direct for him, and moved to New Orleans, with his wife and single daughter, to rest from his labors and have the benefit of medical skill. It was at the New Orleans home that the end came, of diabetic gangrene in the right foot, on November 24th. He was a member of the Episcopal Church and was comforted and sustained in his last illness by its sacraments and ministrations. I am mailing you under separate cover an excellent likeness of him in his old age. My sister mailed you a copy of our home paper with a picture of him, taken as you perhaps will remember him in his youth. He was an indulgent and devoted husband and father, and we who survive him are bowed with deepest grief. With a high regard for yourself and the others of his class of 1860, and hoping we may hear from you again some time,

Very sincerely your friend,

FRANCISCA BRANDON BARROW.

BURGESS, THOMAS. 1911. Quite well, going on as usual. Thanks for kind inquiries.

Thomas Burgess was born Feb. 22, 1842, in Boston; son of

Benjamin Franklin and Cornelia Williams (Ellis) Burgess. He died in Pau, France, Feb. 14, 1912. After graduation, he went to Oxford, England, where he matriculated as a commoner in the summer of 1860. He remained there for four years, taking the degree of A. B. in the autumn of 1864. From the autumn of 1864 to Jan. 1, 1866, with the exception of a few months spent at home, he resided in France and Italy. In 1880 resided in Boston and was member of the firm of Benjamin Burgess & Sons, 55 Merchants' Exchange, State Street. Then went abroad and remained there until 1889. 1890-95 was business manager of the *New York Morning Journal*. On giving up his position with the *Journal* he went to Pau, France, where he resided until his death. In 1901 he retired from all business. He was master of the Pau hounds in 1882-3. He never married. He leaves a sister and two brothers in Boston.—*Harvard Graduates' Magazine*.

CARTER, EDWARD. May 1, 1914. Family items: My only son died last September. I have one daughter and four grandchildren living.

Personal items: I lead a very quiet life and try to make it useful to those about me.

Occupation: Principally, the care of real estate. I have given up manufacturing and buying and selling of merchandise.

State of health: I wish all my Classmates could enjoy as good health as I do. Except for a little rheumatism now and then, and a little growing deafness, I am about as vigorous as I was at 40, and have not had a serious illness during my whole life.

May 6, 1915. No changes to report for the past year. I live the same quiet life I have led for years, trying to make myself useful to others, and helping to show that this dreadful war has been brought about through an entire disregard of the principles which are the foundation of all Christian churches. My health has been very good, and I am certainly vigorous for my age. Born in 1839.

DRIVER, STEPHEN WILLIAM. Have spent nine months of each year in Cambridge in the practice of a Doctor, and two and a half months in my country home in Barre, Mass. Have visited

in Prof. Beale's home in Franconia, N. H., each year in August except when I visited Prof. Le Baron Briggs, in my old boyhood home in Plymouth, Mass., in 1913. My wedding trip was made to the same town in September, 1866. I have been able to see patients every day, except vacation (and then I went as consultant); have been to church every Sunday morning at 7.30, except one; have walked down town every week day morning at 7 or 7.15. Have not been in bed one day in the last five years, for which good health I am very thankful. I still drive a horse instead of a mobile, as I believe that my liver chestnut, Nancy, is far safer with her intelligence than a soulless machine. My daughter, who took the musical course at Radcliffe, is a voice teacher and public singer of no mean merit, and also a composer. One great and notable event in my life occurred at the last quinquennial dinner, when my class did me the great honor of presenting a silver flower bowl of large size, and also a purse of thirty gold eagles, one for each member of the surviving graduates. I have not yet recovered from the surprise and thrill and sense of humility. A full account will appear with the speeches and doings of the class dinner. I hope to live to one more quinquennial dinner. Then, good-night and God bless you all!

FERNALD, JAMES C. 1911. Commencement greetings. For my report—As to health, I seem to be as well as when a year ago I walked from Boston Common to Memorial Hall in forty-three minutes; should be perfectly ready to repeat it, and better it, if necessary.

As to my work: I have nothing special to report, except that since February, 1910, I have prepared somewhat more than 1,000,000 words of dictionary matter for the new Standard Dictionary. As a bit of by-play, I have published the little book, "Helpful Hints in English," of which I sent you a copy. Some waiting articles I have not had time to get to press.

Of my family: My wife is once more able to take up life in the climate of New York. My eldest son, Charles, is in the American law firm of Archibald (successor to Edmund Kelly), Paris. The second, Harry, is in the firm of Suffern & Son, New York. The third, Luther, with Collier's, Chicago, was married April 19; his

wife is a lovely girl, of a good family, Miss Harriet Furniss, of Chicago. My youngest boy, James Gordon, is a senior in Montclair High School, a little proud to be on the staff of their really excellent "Bulletin."

My daughter, Grace, is Professor of Psychology in the State Normal College, Los Angeles, Cal., and my daughter Mabel holds a corresponding position in the same study in the Chicago Normal School. Each is Ph. D. of the University of Chicago.

Harry's son, my one sole and only grandchild, is a beautiful and very bright boy of two years. They live near us in Montclair.

Kind regards to Classmates and grateful remembrance to our faithful secretary, who keeps us up to our remembrance and our duty.

1912. MY DEAR DRIVER:—"Blessed are the people whose annals are dull." I can only report a year of steady work, but with nothing yet completed. I have been so fortunate as not to have lost a day by illness, and to have been at my desk every working day. The family are all well. Another grandchild has come to be welcomed and loved—daughter of my third son and his very lovely wife.

Kindest regards and best wishes to Classmates. With high appreciation of the faithful and generous service of our honored Secretary.

CHRISTMAS, 1912.

MY DEAR DRIVER:—How does this Christmas find you and your family? Best greetings of the season to you and yours. We have had a bright but quiet day with only our daughter from Chicago, Mabel, with us. Grace at far Los Angeles and Charles in Paris. Harry, with his little family, living a mile from us in Montclair, Luther, with his wife and child, settled in Chicago. James, now 17, still at home, but making a driving, strenuous beginning in business in New York. I am working on a new book to tell some of the things I have not yet told about English. Best wishes for a Happy New Year. Am reading Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve" this evening in the moonlight across this pure snow.

June 5, 1913. In reply to your letter of inquiry, I would say that my life for the past year has been quite uneventful. I have been working at a new book on English style, which is well advanced, and now am just starting on a series of abridgments of the New

Standard Dictionary, in the endeavor to supersede my former abridgements of the original work and break my own records, which, if time allows, I confidently hope to do.

My kindest regards to yourself and family, and to all the Classmates, to whom my heart goes out as warmly as at our great semi-centennial commencement of 1910.

May 1, 1914. Daughter born to my son, Henry B., in Montclair. Daughter born to my son, Luther D., in Chicago. My daughter Grace (Ph.D.), professor of psychology, Normal School, Los Angeles, Cal., appointed by the Governor one of the State Commission on Recreation and Playgrounds.

Personal items: Apparently *in statu quo*. Have published New Comprehensive Standard Dictionary and am editing a new High School Standard Dictionary. My new revision of English Synonyms (50 pp. added) is just off the press. My new concise Standard Dictionary finished last year, issued this.

Occupation: As above.

Miscellaneous: Largely eliminated. Am doing what I can in church and temperance work.

State of health. Seldom need to think about my health. Am more covetous of work and working time as the sunset draws nearer.

Kindest regards to all Classmates and especially to our faithful Secretary, my valued friend and his family.

May 1, 1915. Family items: Charles sailed for Paris, Saturday, the 19th, on Rochambeau for Bordeaux. We hope anxiously for his safe return three months hence. Harry and Luther living with families; four dear grandchildren in Montclair. Mabel in sociological work at Bedford Hills; Grace in similar work at Los Angeles. Hope to have her home this summer. James hearty and well, going as private secretary of Dr. Faunce to Lake Kohonk for summer.

I am no neutral, but down on spiked helmet and mailed fist and baby killers, and pray the Lord of Hosts to "break in pieces the oppressor." Some of the \$100,000 worth of flour that the *Digest* sent to Belgium was mine; what I could.

FISKE, CHARLES H. 1911. I am still strong enough to sign a check, otherwise I am the same as on the great anniversary so long time ago.

1912. Family items: Nothing of any interest to outsiders. Personal items: I exist in the same atmosphere and surroundings. Occupation: By profession a lawyer. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Fairly good health. It is not, however, "up," but mostly down, gravely down.

May 12, 1915. Have no particular change of record for the last five years. Am well.

FURNESS, WILLIAM ELIOT. 1911. Family items: On August 18th my wife died; on November 3rd my fifth grandchild was born, a boy, John Foster Porter. Personal items: I live with my daughter, Elizabeth Margaret Furness, at 4040 (new number) Evanston Avenue, my office is 1301, 79 West Monroe Street, old number 122 Monroe Street, Chicago. Occupation and honors: I have continued practice of my profession. Physical condition: I am generally well, but growing old. Comments and remarks: Was put on the retired list of the University Club and on the Honorary list of the Chicago Literary Club.

1912. Family items: On August 18, 1910, my wife, Lucy Fairfield Wadsworth Furness, died after some months of illness. I live with my daughter at 4040 Evanston Avenue. Personal items: I am pretty well. Sleep and eat well, but miss my dear wife. My partnership was dissolved May 1, 1910. May 1, 1912, I moved my office to 112 West Adams Street, Room 100—most comfortable I ever had. Occupation: I practice my profession and keep fairly busy. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Am well. August 21, 1912, reach 73. I enjoy my grandchildren; the youngest was born November 2, 1911. I am occupied with memorials of the Chicago Bar Association, and write memorials often on Companions of the M. O. L. U. S.

1913. Family items: None this year. 1912-13. Have one granddaughter, four grandsons. Personal items: None. Occupation: Lawyer. State of health: Fair, considering age (born Aug. 21, 1839). Sleep well; eat fairly.

HUBBARD WOODS, ILLINOIS,

JUNE 8, 1914.

DEAR DR. DRIVER:—My father, William Eliot Furness of the Class of '60, died on July 19, 1913, at my summer home on Great Spruce Head Island, Maine, after an illness of two weeks. He had a stroke July 4th, from which he never recovered. His brother, Dawes Eliot, and his sisters, Rebekah and Laura, my sister Margaret and I were with him at the time of his illness. He was cremated as he would have wished, and Mr. W. W. Fenn performed the burial services in Boston.

Sincerely yours,

RUTH M. PORTER.

GANNETT, WILLIAM C. 1911. Family items: Our daughter, graduate of Vassar, 1910, away on her first "job"—child rescue work—in Buffalo. Our boy, sophomore in Harvard. So the mother and father are in *twos* again, as they began. Personal items: Such as what? Occupation: Mainly the editing of a Hymn-book. Honors: None deserved, none received, at least none remembered. A very kind world, though. Physical condition: Deafer, but lively. Comments and remarks: Glad to be still on the outside of things, but wondering much what the inside will be. Would like to be my own boy, if I wasn't his father. Were there ever so many of the *young* striving together to make the world better?

I hope Time treats you gently, or rather that you don't have to think much about *how* he treats you. You made "the great anniversary" pleasant to remember, and your "Report" was a wonder of interest!

1912. Family items: None. I wonder if I'm not the only '60 man with an undergraduate son in Harvard. Our boy, Lewis, is a Junior there. If so, it's something to contribute the last Harvard baby as well as the pristine, to a Class! Personal items: None. Perhaps my wife might tell you some, but I can't think of any. Occupation: None! Well, not much. The thing this last week was arranging a three days' Robert Browning Centenary Festival, of which I'll send you a copy with this. I never thought of it till

this minute, but I, too, am "Rabbi Ben Ezra," (Ezra Gannett), and you know Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra says:

"Not on the vulgar mass  
Called 'work' must sentence pass  
Things done, that took the eye, and had the price," etc.

State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" I guess so, though, if you met the doctor, he might say, "Didn't I give him something this very morning?" And the eyes *do* feel better for it. And there's the acousticon that I paid for last week. So I'm afraid it may be more like "Seventy up!" But to quote Browning again:

"The years at the Spring,  
And the days at the noon.  
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God's in his heaven,  
All's right with the world!"

I hope you, too, are well and happy.

WILL GANNETT'S POEM  
TO H. G. SPAULDING

DEAR H. G. S.:

"Sweet hill-top sessions to you yet,  
Watch-hours before your own sunset,  
Life's clouds one quiet glory made!  
Then twilight mysteries, shade on shade,  
Song of a hidden thrush,  
Far-widening hush:  
Then silence—and a star!"

W. C. G.

1913. Family items: A boy just graduating at Harvard, Lewis Stiles Gannett, 1913. Will he be the last son of a member of '60 to graduate? It comes of waiting till one is 47 to marry. Was I wise? *I certainly was!* How many graduate grandsons of '60 have we as yet?

Personal items: Can't recall one! But have had a very good time, if no events. What are events *for* after all? What is the use of events?

Occupation: Wondering where the time goes! Writing and reading and now and then talking a little. One keeps busy, of

course, in his old ways, but the pace is so slow and the product so small!

State of health: Is it "Sixty up" still? I guess so, if that means the way I feel. I grow old *in spots*. Some spots are a great deal older than others. My back is at least 160 years old sometimes. If you should hear me fooling with my daughter, you would think me, as a whole, around six.

With love, and hope that you find this Spring the most wonderful, beautiful yet.

1914. Family items: Both kinder in Europe, bless 'em! Boy studying "Social Ethics" at Berlin and Frieberg.

Personal items: Nothing special to tell. Our good church people gave us a "25th anniversary" party the other day—a surprising revelation of the flight of years and the abiding of love.

Occupation: See R. W. Emerson's poem, "Terminus."

Miscellaneous: I don't like to be the oldest man and the whitest head in the Harvard Club of Rochester.

They are getting to be very nice to me in the street cars; takes quite a rumpus to convince them that I *can* stand.

State of health: Is it still "Sixty up?" "Follow the Ball!" Pretty well, thank you. As they used to say on the plantation, "Spared, Massa!"

Don't understand slang, have forgotten it. But God bless you.

May 1, 1915. Have been spending the winter in Cambridge with our two children—my first winter in the East since going West in 1877, a half lifetime ago! Find a new Cambridge, a new Harvard, a new Boston, and, fortunately, new friends, besides, the best of all, a few of the old friends left.

Personal: Still "pastor *emeritus*" of the Unitarian Church of Rochester, N. Y.

Honors: Alas!

Occupation: Mainly spending long hours over little writings. The pace slows!

State of health: Shamefully, but thankfully, good.

HAUGHTON, JAMES. 1911. Family items: Eleven grandchildren now. Occupation, honors: Living quietly on our

beautiful farm on the Valley Creek, about three miles above Valley Forge. I am engaged chiefly in writing a book, long contemplated, on the Holy Spirit and the Prayer Book.

The doings of last Commencement week are recalled with much pleasure; especially the speeches and poems at the dinner. I cannot help thinking that the generally high tone of those speeches and poems was owing in good part to the earnest life lived by men, who, not having been called to die for their country a half-century ago, were mightily moved to "make good" in other ways. Many thanks, Driver, for my share in the result of your faithful labors in behalf of the Class.

June. My son, Victor, has another boy, Victor Mellet, 3rd, and I now rejoice in a round dozen of grandchildren. A happy Commencement to you and all who get together. Thanks again for my share in the pleasures of last year, and the book thereupon, your good part in it especially.

1912. Family items: Nothing to note, except the addition of two grandchildren, making fourteen. It is a cause for gratitude that of the seven children, and the sons nine, and daughters four, born to three of them, death has so far been allowed to claim none. Occupation: To the busy farm life, in which my part is the care of the vegetable garden, the past year has been added the production of a volume of 324 pages on the Holy Spirit and the Prayer Book. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Health "Sixty up," especially when devoting myself to the home duties. Travel, either in winter or in the heat of summer, disagrees with me. But for this I should appear oftener at Commencement reunions, and enjoy them greatly.

Excuse the blots, not ink, nor water, nor wine, on paper and envelope. I did not commit the fault, and I shall neither say who did, nor what the liquid is.

It is a pleasure, Driver, to have you still with us, and to send my news, and my greeting to the fellows, year after year, through you.

1913. It is pleasant to see your handwriting and I hope all goes well with yourself. The Harvard Club Banquet comes off here March 1st, and my son Richard, 1900, is one of the committee and very busy about it. I never go now to these big dinners. They

would knock me out for a long while each time, the more that this quiet home is twenty miles from the city.

April 24th, 1913. How old are you? See with what a bold and steady hand *Ten* is written. It is not bold and steady because of a large balance in my cheque book.

As to birthdays, please turn to the Morning Psalm for the 14th day in the Prayer Book (Ps. 71), and see how surely it must be a birthday psalm of gratitude; and think how pleased I am to have it come on my birthday.

I hope you are well. I have never had so long and teasing a cold as this winter. It travels along from organ to organ down the left side of me; nose, throat, ear, shoulder, bladder and all. I long for May days, typical ones such as we were brought up with, not the sham sort the Bureau palms off, no, *icebergs* off on us now-a-years. Enough; again I hope you are well.

May, 1913. Family items: No new grandchildren. Son Richard; Class of 1900, just engaged. Personal items: Can think of nothing to report except the publishing of a Supplementary Section to my work on The Holy Spirit and the Prayer Book. Occupation: Still retired. State of health: Is it "Sixty up"? Fairly good. Much prefer *sixty up*, circulation being sluggish.

May 1, 1914. Family items: Marriage of youngest son, Richard H., to Marie Voigt of Philadelphia, in Lucerne, Switzerland.

Personal items: Forty-ninth anniversary of wedding. Both well. The seven children and fourteen grandchildren still spared to us.

Occupation: Still farming, or rather watching it done. Meantime waiting in hope for the transplanting personally to a better soil.

Miscellaneous: Book on The Holy Spirit and the Prayer Book reaches second edition, and is published in New York by E. P. Dutton & Co., and in London by Seely, Service & Co.

State of health: Sixty up, comparatively speaking. Not fit for even short journey. Sorry not to meet the fellows.

From the *Church News* of the Diocese of Pennsylvania:

On Thursday, December 10, 1914, the Reverend James Haughton, for twenty-two years rector of the Church of the Redeemer at Bryn Mawr, entered into life. His was a rare soul, carefully cultivated and rich in spiritual fruit. Born of the best New England stock he joined the Congregational Church in his youth and, after graduating at Harvard, began his studies for the ministry at Andover Theological Seminary. After a year, however, he went to Germany, mastered the language, and sat at the feet of such great teachers as Hofmann and Delitzch at the Universities of Leipsig and Erlangen. Thence he went to Lausanne to acquire French. Throughout his life he selected and made his own the richest things he found; he was both appreciative and discriminating. He gained much from Lutheranism: a new emphasis in the Incarnation on the reality of the human life and development of the Son of Man; a deeper meaning in the Sacraments; the value of the Christian year for comprehensive and well-balanced worship. So he progressed, and finally found his settled home in the Episcopal Church and ministry.

Mr. Haughton was born in Boston, April 14, 1839, son of James and Eliza (Richards) Haughton, formerly of Norwich and New London, Conn. He graduated from Harvard College in 1860, and three years later received his master's degree. In 1861, he entered Andover Theological Seminary, but owing to lack of health in 1862, he went abroad and continued his theological studies at the Universities of Leipsig and Erlangen. In 1864, he went to study in Switzerland and at Lausanne he met his wife, then Miss Augustine Mellet, the daughter of Rev. Victor Mellet and Nancy (Creux) Mellet, whom he married at Lausanne on February 7, 1865. Mr. Haughton was ordained deacon in the spring of 1866 by Bishop Eastburn and was sent to Christ Church, Exeter, N. H., where he was the first rector, building the church now standing. In this same summer, he was ordained priest by Bishop Chase at Grace Church, Manchester, N. H., and after two years' pastorate at Exeter, went to Hanover, where he built the church, rectory and parish school. In 1876, Bishop Doane, of New York, called him to Albany to be the dean of All Saints' Cathedral. In 1879, he was called to St.

John's Church, Yonkers, and in 1887, to the Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr, Pa. He was rector of this parish for 23 years, when he retired from active duty in 1909, and has since resided at Brookside Farm, Paoli, until his death.

*Secretary's Notice:*—Haughton was a fine scholar all through his course and ranked 13 in his Class the Senior year. He was called the handsome man. His manners were refined and elegant and his fine disposition and accessibility made him a favorite with the Class. His singing voice was a pure first tenor. He stood shoulder to shoulder with the Secretary in both Choir and Glee Club. Socially, when we were invited in after a 2 o'clock in the morning serenade he was *facile princeps*. We regarded him with high respect and warm affection. His peculiar place cannot be filled.

FRANK HASELTINE, of the Class of 1860, was born in Philadelphia, December 17, 1838. He was prepared for college by private tutors, and entered Harvard with his Class in 1856. During his college course, his manly character, cultivated tastes and personal kindness and friendliness gained for him the lasting regard of those with whom he came into relation. After graduation, he studied law at the University of Pennsylvania, and was admitted to the bar in 1865, but never entered upon active practice.

In early life, Haseltine had visited Europe with his parents, and had then acquired some knowledge of pictures and works of art, as well as of foreign languages. Later he traveled abroad for many years, devoting himself to the study of literature and art. A large part of his active life was given to artistic work, and he produced many paintings of merit.

He was earnestly interested in all that concerned the welfare of his class, and responded generously to every appeal on its behalf. He was one of the founders of the Harvard Club of Philadelphia, and was made its permanent Secretary.

Haseltine was, through life, a man of deep religious faith and conviction. He was a member and vestryman in Holy Trinity Church of Philadelphia. His death occurred in Philadelphia on July 18, 1910.

HINCKLEY, HENRY. 1912. Family items: The family are not the same in number. Death has taken one from our group; Frederic L. Burnham, husband to my daughter, Elizabeth J. Hinckley. He died May 22, 1911. A very promising young man, holding at the time a high position among the State officials of Education. The rest are in comparatively good condition. Personal items: Enjoyed my 80th birthday, May 9, 1912; surprised my friends to tell them I was the only octogenarian in my class at this date. Occupation: Preaching occasionally. Teaching a Men's Bible Class every Sabbath and aiding in the labors of the Church. I am not found on the printed page as often as in the past; but frequently heard in brief addresses while seeking to do good to others. State of health: Most excellent; almost youthful in vigor; one slight cold during the year; surprising sometimes in muscular efforts; gratefully recognizing the principal Source of strength. With kindest remembrances to all the members of '60.

1913. Family items: No increase in number. A steady increase in months and days. Personal items: Residing at 116 Upland Road, instead of 46A Trowbridge Street. Still serving as one of the trustees of Daniel S. Ford. Preach occasionally. Teacher of Bible Class of men, with 70 or more members. Written articles for papers, Essays for Clubs and Conferences. Duties in Committees. Occupation: Minister of the Gospel. Marriages occasionally. Funeral services. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Excellent. Yes, *sixty up*. 81 years of age, May 9, 1913. Scarcely ever tired. Had a cold or two in the year. Handsome as ever. With best wishes for you and '60.

May 1, 1914. Family items: Rev. Henry Hinckley, father; Mrs. Henry Hinckley, wife; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Burnham, widow; Mrs. John Lincoln Dearing, wife of Rev. John Lincoln Dearing, D. D., husband.

Personal items: Rev. Henry Hinckley, aged eighty-two years, oldest member of Class of '60. Preaching occasionally. Teaching Bible Class.

Occupation: Trying to live a Christian life. Daily doing my best for my family. Helping others as opportunity comes.

Miscellaneous: Don't visit theatres. Don't play cards. Don't do any dancing. Don't touch the forbidden cup.

State of health: Very good. Remarkably strong.

May 22, 1915. Nothing of special interest has happened during the past twelve months. My health has been remarkable and all the family have escaped sickness. My faculties are very fair in number, and the physical strength very good. I am not an athlete. as I appeared in practice of youthful testing, I am more careful now. I have not forgotten my Teacher and Lord. Even though 83 years have passed over my head, I am the same friend of "the boys of '60," and intend to remember you all.

HOLWAY, WESLEY O. 1911. Family items: All well. No "transitions." A granddaughter marries in June before Commencement Day. Personal items: Nothing new. Occupation, honors: Still pegging away at Sunday School notes. Have written a dozen Health Papers for a religious paper in Boston. Physical condition: Never better, to the best of my knowledge. Comments and remarks: Prouder of the Class than ever.

1912. Family items: No serious sickness. Became a great-grandfather last October. Baby Isabel is doing well. Occupation: Keep grinding at the Sunday School Notes and write an occasional Health paper. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Excellent!

Feb. 28, 1913. Please note that I am no longer in Cambridge. My son, with whom I live, moved out here to 297 Mount Auburn Street, Watertown, Mass., last August, and we greatly enjoy the change. I continue my attendance at the Sunday morning services at Appleton Chapel.

How swiftly the months go! I am glad they bring with them "indemnifying sweetness." (Hope I am quoting Campbell correctly.)

June 9, 1913. Your categorical letter chased me about a bit—first, to my old home in Cambridge, then to my new home in Watertown (see address above), then up to my camp in New Hampshire, then back to Watertown. Wish I had something interesting to contribute to the Class Book, but I haven't.

Family items: No changes—no sickness, deaths, births, mar-

riages; everything serene, for which we are duly grateful. Personal items: "Nary a one." Occupation: Same old routine. State of health: Excellent.

May 1, 1914. Family items: No marriages. No deaths. No sickness. One birth, a great-grandson, the second of that generation. Class baby (Mrs. L. R. Speare), with her daughter are, at this time of writing, in Florence. I asked her to call on Classmate Allen.

Occupation: Browsing among books. Still grinding at Sunday School Notes, my thirty-seventh year.

State of health: No ailments. Eat well. Sleep well. Take same daily exercise I used to take thirty years ago.

Rev. Wesley Otheman Holway, for 33 years chaplain in the U. S. Navy, died on March 26, 1915, after a short illness from heart trouble, at the home of his son-in-law, Lewis R. Speare, in Newton Centre. Chaplain Holway, as he was known to the older generation of men in the naval service, was born in Lowell in 1839. After graduating from the old Cambridge Latin and English High School, he entered Harvard and was graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1860. For a short time he taught mathematics and modern languages at Wyoming Seminary, at Kingston, Pa. In 1861 he entered the ministry, being ordained in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He served successively in the pastorates at Bucksport, Damariscotta and Bangor, Me. He retired from the ministry because of failing health in 1866.

He was a constant contributor to *Zion's Herald*, and for several years was assistant editor. A Manual of Physical Drill that he compiled while on duty at Newport was adopted by the naval authorities and is in use in the Navy today. While stationed at Brooklyn Navy Yard he became interested in the Y. M. C. A. work and was instrumental in starting the naval branch of the organization.

Dr. Holway was an able writer and engaged extensively in journalism. The greater part of his literary work was devoted to the Methodist denominational journal, *Zion's Herald*, on whose staff he served continuously from 1870 until his death. He was the originator of the current events column, one of the most valuable features

of that magazine, was assistant editor from 1876 to 1878 and for nearly forty years prepared exclusively the notes for the Sunday School department.

His greatest work, however, and that for which he will most widely be remembered, was the impetus which he gave to the movement for moral and physical improvement among the sailors during his chaplaincy, which to no inconsiderable extent marked a period of reconstruction in the personnel of the Navy. While on land he was constantly engaged in moral and educational uplift and gave lectures on naval history, the evolution of a warship, physical geography and the foreign stations of the United States. During his service at Newport he compiled the course of calisthenics which has since been in use at that point.

His greatest single achievement was probably that accomplished at New York, in which he was aided by Admiral Philip, who commanded the *Texas* in the Santiago fight, and was one of his closest friends and associates. A network of saloons had been established outside the Navy Yard gate, where the sailors were waylaid, cleaned out and left stranded. Unable to return on time, they were black-listed and quarantined, which meant no liberty for three months. A naval general committee was organized to work in conjunction with the International Y. M. C. A., of which Admiral Philip was president and Chaplain Holway secretary. Their zeal attracted the attention of Miss Helen Gould, now Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, who purchased a nearby estate, and the Naval Young Men's Christian Association was organized. The first building proved inadequate and Miss Gould erected a \$250,000 structure, which in turn became too small, and Mrs. Sage duplicated it with one of equal size. As many as a thousand sailors used these rooms in a single evening. At about the same time, Dr. Holway organized the Navy Temperance League, of which he was the chief secretary, which enjoyed a large enrolment among the crews of the various ships.

An educational feature which met with the utmost enthusiasm among the sailors was a system of naval bulletins, inaugurated by Dr. Holway, by which a ship's crew was kept periodically informed

of such news as seamen would be most interested to receive, in all parts of the world.

While attached to the South Atlantic fleet, Dr. Holway was honored by Harvard with the degree of Master of Arts, and on June 24, 1896, received from the same college the distinction of Doctor of Divinity. He was a member of the Harvard Club and Boston Athletic Association of Boston.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Hepsie Croft Holway, whom he married in Boston, Nov. 8, 1860; one brother, Rev. Raymond F. Holway, of Northampton, a sister, Mrs. William D. Bridge, of Orange, N. J., three sons, Charles Wesley, Archer Croft and Clinton Fisk Holway, and two daughters, Mrs. Lewis R. Speare, of Newton Centre, and Mrs. Charles R. Fletcher of Buffalo, N. Y.

REV. WESLEY O. HOLWAY:—In some ways, Holway was a surprise to his class, as all through his course he associated with comparatively a few and those of the quieter sort. He was well known among the Christian Brethren, and they had the measure of his fine qualities. He was a man of great dignity and serenity, very courteous, fulfilling in this the scripture injunction. His originality and capacity for initiative action appeared when he entered the Navy. When he came back to the class on Commencement Day, we recognized the new power and honored him accordingly. When his university gave him the degree of D. D. we rejoiced that the crown had been placed on a head so worthy, and were proud for his reward of well doing. [SECRETARY.]

HUMPHREYS, CHARLES A. 1911. Family items: A granddaughter. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edmund D. Barry, in Pittsburg, Penn., July 31, 1910, Eleanor Shelton Barry. Personal items: I have made my usual visits of a month each to my daughters in Pittsburg and Chicago, and, as usual, spent the summer months at Mt. Philo Inn, North Ferrisburg, Vermont. Physical condition: One or two added infirmities, the incidents of age and not worth mentioning.

1912. Family items: No changes in the past year. Personal items: While visiting my daughter last December at Evanston, Ill.,

I invited Adams and Furness to lunch with me in Chicago at the University Club, and we had a jolly old time. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" My seventy-fifth year opens happily and with comfortable health.

1913. Family items: No changes nor additions. Personal items: Nothing new. Occupation: I have been promoted from the pulpit to the pew, from preaching to practice, and have been made a deacon of my childhood's church in succession to my older brother who died last year and to a long line of ancestral deacons as far back as Deacon James Humphreys, who was Ruling Elder of this Church under Rev. Richard Mather, 1636-1639.

I am in my 76th year and quite well. My eyesight is somewhat dimmed, but I can read your letters when, as here, you use a typewriter.

1914. Family items: No change. Personal items: The best thing I have done in the past year has been to take down from the walls of my study, where it has hung for forty years, a fine crayon portrait of my college chum, Thomas B. Fox, Jr., and have it hung in Memorial Hall as an everlasting remembrance.

Occupation: All my spare time has been given to revising the papers recounting my war experiences.

State of health: I am very well, thank you. As to "following the ball" with Sixty, I got two good long range kicks at it on the Delta in 1856, and have been content with the victory we then gained and have not touched the ball since.

May 1, 1915. My sister, Mrs. Mary Blake Lewis, died Feb. 17, 1915, in her 71st year. This leaves of a family of thirteen children, my sister, Miss Anna, at the beginning of her 70th year, and myself, just past the beginning of my 78th year. No change to be noted in my two married daughters and my three grandchildren. In August, 1914, my brother, James Henry Humphreys, died in his 65th year. He was the youngest of the thirteen children.

Occupation: I have given all my spare time this year to gathering some of the verses that have sprung out of the experiences of my life, and some that my wife wrote in the two years before her death, Jan. 15, 1879, and have had them privately printed, and in a few

days will send a copy to each one of my Classmates, whose present address I have been able to find.

State of health: My health is fair for my years.

HUNNEWELL, FRANCIS W. 1911. My health has been very good since the "Great Anniversary."

1913. Nothing new.

May 1, 1914. Family items: Nothing new.

"We regret to record that illness has prevented our president, Mr. Francis W. Hunnewell, from attending the recent meetings of the board of managers, and trust that he will soon be restored to health. Few persons outside of the members of the board have been aware of his splendid generosity to the institution. He has contributed \$200,000 to the building fund, besides his most liberal annual donations toward the running expenses; a noble example of a wise expenditure of wealth."

JOHNSON, EDWARD C. 1911. Family items: Son-in-law, Curtis Guild, appointed Ambassador to Russia. Personal items: No change. Occupation, honors: No change. Physical condition: No change.

1912. Family items: I beg to say that my family affairs have gone along smoothly the past year. My daughter, Mrs. Curtis Guild, and Ambassador Guild have spent the past year in Russia, and everything has gone well with them. Hoping you are well.

June 18, 1912. I am very sorry to say that I cannot be present at the class meeting on Thursday, as a very important engagement has come up which I cannot break. Please present my regards to all the members of the class who are present.

May, 1913. I beg to say that everything has gone on in the usual way, and there is nothing new to report.

May 1, 1914. Family and Personal items: None.

Occupation: Same as usual.

State of health: Is it still "Sixty up?" "Follow the Ball!" Yes.

May 1, 1915. Family items: My son-in-law, Curtis Guild, died April 6, 1915. Everything as usual.

Honors: None.

Occupation: Merchant.

State of health. Fairly good.

KNAPP, ARTHUR MAY. 1911. Nothing has happened this year. The only thing to note just now is that on next Monday, the twenty-ninth day of June, I join the ranks of 70.

June 1, 1913. Prout's Neck, Maine. My wanderlust is on again and your note has been forwarded to me here. I have nothing to report except an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* last September on "Who are the Japanese?" Were all Californians to read it, a great international issue would be at once decided. It being an ethnographical article, in writing it I had the great advantage of knowing nothing whatever about ethnography. I always found it a great thing to come fresh to a subject. This summer I have been invited to make an address at the International Congress of Religions to be held in Paris the third week in July. As I do not sail until the first of that month, I hope to be at Commencement.

December 1, 1914. I have been trying to read your letter of the 28th ult. ever since it reached me. I presume you have often been told by your Classmates that your eligibility for the post of Secretary is exceeded only by your illegibility.

As for myself there is nothing to record for the last two years, except that I have been continuing my course as the successor of Daniel Pratt, G. O. A. T. You know he was a crank like myself, and like myself also, having failed in everything else, took to the road.

Last summer I crossed the Atlantic for the nineteenth time (record of Pacific crossings 22), and attended the Paris Congress, being there sandwiched in for an address between a Mussulman, in his red turban, and a Parsee, in his gorgeous robes. I felt quite at home.

Some of my friends deem me mad to wander about the world so much, but isn't that somewhat curious, when it is so plain that I am a nomad?

I am busying myself just now in writing two books, another on

Japan, and "A Naughty Biography, by a Minister's Son," having always kept up the reputation of the class by acting like Sixty.

1915. Sent nothing. Attended class dinner and gave us a bright speech.

LELAND, DANIEL T. S. 1911. Family items: No changes to report. Occupation, honors: Transferred to Public Works Department, City Hall, Boston, in February. Physical condition: Having just passed my seventy-third milestone, I am able to say that I am "holding my own" without difficulty—but my working days are rapidly drawing to a close—in fact their termination is well in sight. Comments and remarks: I go about the streets consumed with pride in the fact that good fortune made me a member of the Class of 1860.

1912. Family items: None. Personal items: Ibid. Occupation: Public Works Department, City of Boston, Ferry Service. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" About as usual; holding "my own" very fairly.

Jan. 21, 1913. I have moved from the Hotel Bowdoin and taken a lease of a suite of rooms in Randolph Hall, 9 Norway Street, Boston, and this will be my future address. I have been negotiating a trip to Farwell Place, but haven't got there yet. If I can get out there without danger to life or limb, will try to come soon. Now don't accuse me of not notifying you about my address.

April 9, 1913. Lizzie passed away peacefully Tuesday evening. Funeral Thursday at 2 P. M. at 130 Lincoln Street, Worcester.

May 17, 1913. The death of my only remaining sister in early part of present year leaves me practically alone of my father's family. Personal items: Nothing special; still in harness at my desk. Occupation: Auditor—employed by the City of Boston. State of health: Is it "Sixty up"? As good as the average at my age—75 years.

May 1, 1914. Family items: Nothing new.

Occupation: Public Works Department, City of Boston, Ferry Service clerk.

State of health: No signs, at seventy-seven, as yet of very rank

dotage. The records of the H. A. A. will show that I am calling for ball tickets every year.

May 1, 1915. Personal items: Reached 78th birthday, April 19th of this year. Retirement from active business service of twenty years probable this fall.

Occupation: Public Works Department office of City of Boston.

State of health: Fairly good.

A tinge of sadness compels confession, when I think it may be the last occasion for some of us. The good Lord bless us all.

MACKINTOSH, HENRY S. 1911. Family items: Nothing of note. My wife and I are living very quietly and very happily at 256 Washington Street, having moved from 61 Court Street, where we had lived for eleven years. Our landlady there was a descendant of President Leaverett of Harvard College. She died this spring. Personal items: Nothing of interest. Occupation, honors: Literary—None beyond my last report. Physical condition: My health never was better. Comments and remarks: On the 28th of July next, Professor Franklin W. Hooper, '75, has invited our Harvard Club to a picnic in Walpole, N. H. I want you to be sure to come as my guest. Last summer, Catlin, '99, had us all over to Dublin. We had a fine time, with addresses from Dr. E. A. Renouf, '38, of the oldest class living, who gave interesting reminiscences of his college days; from James Bryce, British Ambassador, who joined our Club, and made a witty and interesting speech; James F. Muirhead, graduate of the University of Edinburgh; from Professor A. B. Hart, '80; from Leonard Hayward, '45, and others.

You must be sure to come. Edward H. Kidder, '63, also gave our Club a fine picnic last summer. He has a beautiful estate, and is a princely host.

Family items: Nothing of interest to mankind in general.

Personal items: Nothing of interest to mankind in general. I ride my wheel several hours a day, when the weather permits. I smoke a pipe before meals to get up an appetite, and after meals to assist my digestion. It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. Occupation: Treasurer of the Keene Humane Society; President of the Harvard Club of Keene, N. H.; reading Homer's *Odyssey*; smok-

ing a pipe. Am investigating the death rate of Harvard graduates since 1642, a tedious job, but interesting. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Excellent! Much better than a half-century ago. Way up!

DEAR STEPHEN:—I see you have circumnavigated your copper-plate handwriting by using a typewriter. Wise guy! My offer still holds good to pay for your schooling, if you will go to writing school. I want you to be sure to come to the summer meeting of our Harvard Club. I think it will be at the place of E. H. Kidder, '63. He is a most royal host. I am sure you would enjoy it. Come as my guest.

Feb. 26, 1913. I have had a letter from "Skeeter Pop," as Bob Willard called him. In it, he says he shall try to get Tom Sherwin to come here with him next summer. I shall try to arrange the summer dinner of our Harvard Club to tally with their visit. I *insist* on your coming, also. With G. E. Adams, who now lives in Peterborough, we would have four members of '60, and a good time. Kidder, '63, will probably invite the Club to his house in Marlborough, about five miles from here. He has done so for several summers, and we always have great enjoyment. So make your plans accordingly. I will let you know the date later.

Has Thayer published Batchelder's Harvard Hymn in the Graduates' Magazine? I do not take it, so do not know. He has not returned my copy, nor have you. I should like to have it.

I hope you and Mrs. are well. My own health is excellent. I am reading, among other things, the *Odyssey* for the twenty-first time. As Tom Appleton said of Shakespeare's work: "I do not think there are more than ten men in Boston who could have written it."

We have had a very mild winter here, and little sleighing. The thermometer this morning was only 5°F. below zero, which is warm. I have known it 35° below.

Last April the Harvard Musical Clubs gave a successful concert here, and are to give another next April. They contributed \$67 to a fund we are raising for a Freshman from Keene, now in Harvard College. We have raised \$250 from our Harvard Club, and mean to get more.

May 17, 1913. Family and Personal items: Nothing of con-

sequence. Occupation: President of the Harvard Club of Keene, N. H.—125 members. Treasurer of the Keene Humane Society. Reading Homer's *Odyssey* for the twenty-second time. I could not have written it any better myself. Director of the Red Cross, N. H. Branch. State of health: Is it "Sixty up" still? Excellent. It is Sixty away up, but not very still.

June 17, 1913. Under separate cover I send you a photograph of Batchelder. He had it taken for me, he said. I think you may like to put it with the archives of the Class. I hope this will find you in good condition.

May 1, 1914. Family items: Nothing of consequence.

Personal items: Nothing of consequence.

Occupation: Literary. I have just finished "Some Vital Statistics of Graduates of Harvard College for 200 years, 1642-1842; Average Year of Death of Each Class after Graduation." There was a lot of work in this. I intend to send it to the Harvard Grad. Magazine. I have discovered the date of death of several men not given in the Quinquennial Catalogue.

Miscellaneous: My present address is 78 West Street, Keene, N. H.

State of health: Is it still "Sixty up?" "Follow the Ball!" Health excellent. "60 up." I "follow the Ball" on a tricycle. In youth, buy a tricycle. In age, try a bicycle.

Much love to yourself, dear Stephen W.

May 1, 1915. Family items: My wife, Frances Sargent Mackintosh, died April 5, 1915.

Personal: Nothing of consequence. Address: Keene, N. H., R. F. D. 1.

Honors: Such as they are, the same as last year.

Occupation: Literary, and Treasurer of the Cheshire County Humane Society.

State of health: Excellent. It is "sixty up." "Clear the way."

MORSE, JOHN TORREY. 1911. Glad to hear from you. During the past year no especial incident or achievement has broken the monotony of my "serene" old age. I have had the grippe, *emphatically*. I have written an article, "John Brown Fifty Years

After," for the *Atlantic Monthly*. I am amusing myself by running (at a loss!) a large poultry farm, in comparison with which, running the United States would be a trifling job.

1912. Family items: No changes. Personal items: None—save that Alma Mater gave me the honorary degree of Litt. Doctor at last Commencement. Occupation. Always busy! State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" All right, and hope that you are likewise.

May, 1913. Absolutely not one item for record! What could be expected in the gloaming of life? I hope you are well.

May 1, 1914. Family and Personal items: None.

Occupation: None.

Miscellaneous: None.

State of health: Health good. "Seventy up" four points. "Ball"—no use!

May 5, 1915. I have nothing to report for myself the past year. It has been uneventful. Am enjoying quietly my "*otium cum senectute*."

He was at the Class Dinner and his welcome was an ovation. Some of us had not seen him in the new century.—[SECRETARY.]

MUNSON, MYRON A. 1911. Domestic conditions prompted my removal to New Haven (198 Exchange Street), at the beginning of November, 1910. My health during the recent February and March was considerably depressed, but at the present date I am much better, thank you. If any fellow seeks general improvement in health, or wishes to do somewhat that may conduce to secure the degree of it already possessed, I suggest the use of milk treated with Lactone Tablets. (Dr. Driver's patients will please skip this item.)

I have latterly been operating against a mild but odious form of hoodlumism, which has sprung up among some of the youths in various sections of this fine town, and the effort has been temporarily successful.

What a charm there was in Weld's reception at his beautiful estate a year ago. I recall the event as the brightest in the memorable series of our Fiftieth Anniversary.

My report on work done for the U. S. Geological Survey has

appeared in the Survey's publication, the *Underground Water Resources of Connecticut*. In acknowledging my notes on the wells and springs of Warren, Professor Gregory was kind enough to say: "They have been of very great value and I wish to express my most hearty thanks for the unusual pains you have taken to give a clear picture of the condition in a typical hill town."

In December, 1910, I published a small volume on the Monsons-Munsons-Mansons of Portsmouth stock (A. D. 1663). In a liberal notice, *The Boston Transcript* of May 1st observed: "The mere fact that the work was compiled by Myron A. Munson is good proof of its worth as a genealogical record, for among the writers on history of our New England families none stand higher than he."

I was notified, under date of October 15, 1910, that I had been elected a member of the Authors' Club, London.

Will Brother Stephen excuse prolixity this once?

1912. Family items: Family essentially in *statu quo* most of the time. Personal items: The individual Ego is conscious of a little added deterioration in the mortal part and a diminution of efficiency in the intellectual. Occupation: I am considerably busy, but the business is not very fruitful.

1913. Family items: No births, no marriages, no deaths in the inner circle. Personal items: My weight, 125 pounds; height, 5 ft. 4¾ in.; color, variegated; able to laugh when there is provocation; to weep when that is the duty; sometimes, though more commonly, "dry sorrow drinks my blood."

Occupation: Cultivating health, perpetrating correspondence extensively, prosecuting historical research, watching the course of events, human and divine, pondering problems pertaining to truth and human welfare, trying to lend some cheer to the depressed, light to the perplexed, soul-sunshine to the sorrowing.

May 12, 1914. Family items: I have nothing worth reporting this year. One worthless item is that last May I was smitten by an L. G. bacterium, and I still recognize some traces of the infection.

1915. Well, and at the Class Dinner, appearing sound in body and mind.

NELSON, ALEXANDER C. 1911. Family items: My grandson, John N. Buck, five years of age, was stricken with "infantile paralysis" last August, while at Block Island. He is now able to take a few steps unsupported, and is as hearty and lively as one could wish. His mother was ill with typhoid fever in hospital for five weeks in Philadelphia, and my wife broke down in trying to run her house and take care of the boy, but all are here with me now, and well recovered. Personal items: I contributed to the March number of *Columbia University Quarterly* an article on "Columbiana"—of which a copy will be mailed to you. In the June number of *Public Libraries*, Chicago, will appear an article by me on "The Passing of the Astor and Lenox Libraries." Occupation, Honors: Since June 1, 1910, I have edited the "Genealogy of Thomas Morris of East Haven, Ct.;" edited and indexed the "Civic Bibliography of New York City," also Lectures on Literature, and Lucke's Bower, Columbia University Press, and indexed five other books—am now indexing the Report of the "New York, Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission"—as soon as this is finished I shall resume work on a personal bibliography of President N. M. Butler of Columbia.

Yesterday, June 2nd, a life size medallion head of myself was presented to Columbia University, to be cast in bronze, with a reverse; also to be reproduced in a medal—one of which you will receive.

### COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

*In the City of New York*

*A Medallion Portrait of Mr. Charles Alexander Nelson  
will be Presented in the Avery Library, Columbia Uni-  
versity, at Four o'Clock, Friday Afternoon, the Second  
of June, MCMXI. His Friends are Invited to Assist.*

Prof. A. D. Franklin presented and President Butler received the portrait.

On the reverse—a nude female figure seated, holding a large open book—behind her burns the torch of knowledge, the smoke from which floats above her head and over this inscription: By his friends in Columbia to honor Charles Alexander Nelson, Reference Librarian; 1893-1909. *Discite quaerendo.*

Around the head on obverse: Charles Alexander Nelson, Librarian.

Physical condition: Excellent, save some internal pains caused by auto (not whiskey) intoxication, from which come also some twinges of lumbago. But I am able to put in a full day's work, and then more, till 10 or 11 P. M.

Comments and remarks: Professor Egbert, manager of the Summer School, said to me yesterday, after asking my age: "Well, if I shall be as *young* as you are when I am your age, I shall be thankful." Brander Matthews remarked to Professor Cohn, of the French Department, "I am glad to see these *meddlers* get what they deserve."

1912. Family items: Nothing to note especially, except that my grandson, who was stricken down with infantile paralysis in August, 1910, now six years old, has so far recovered as to be able to walk about the house and yard, and to run his tricycle and auto-coaster with considerable vim. Personal items: I was engaged from April to November, 1911, in compiling the personal bibliography, and examining and weeding out the private correspondence of Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. I also contributed to the *Library Journal* a notice of the "Classification systems used in the Library" of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Occupation: During the year I have indexed nine books, among which were Sir Fred Pollock's "The Genius of the Common Law," Prof. L. T. Hobhouse's "Social Evolution and Political Theory," Lectures on "Greek Literature." "Studies in Cancer, vol. 2; Pathology." "Proceedings of American Society for Psychical Research," and a volume of Addresses by President Butler. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Excellent in the main. Am just recovering from a severe spring cold, which ran into a sort of bronchitis.

MY DEAR DRIVER:—Ever since "Stand Columbia" was written it has been my ambition to write a song for Harvard that may have comparison with it. I have not "got there" yet, and never may, but I want to submit the enclosed Alumni Hymn, "Alma Mater," to your cool and critical judgment, and to ask, if you approve the same, that you will forward it to the Secretary of the Alumni Association, for publication in the *Alumni Bulletin*.

Shall you be able to come to New York for the great gathering in June? Yours in the bonds of '60.

Feb. 27, 1913. I have been in excellent health and working trim, since spending ten weeks of last summer on the shore of Lake Champlain, at Cumberland Head, six miles from Plattsburg. I have not had quite so much work to do since last fall—but am busy just now, with three jobs in hand at once. Have indexed vols. 2 and 3 of the special Reports of the Crocker Cancer Foundation of Special Research Fund, and have that of vol. 4 under way—the *toughest kind* of indexing, by the way—one vol. was a comparative study of the salivary glands—the other studies of cancer in rats and mice—I am also reading proof of, and indexing Sen. John Sharp Williams' Lectures on Jefferson, delivered at Columbia last fall—a very interesting book—and have a Supplementary Report of the Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission to be done at once. "No rest for the wicked," you see. Hope you are in good working trim.

#### ALMA MATER.

Tune: Victory—*Palestrina*.

O Mother, 'tis a glorious thing  
Thy loyal sons to thee can bring  
Their annual filial offering.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater.

Offering of Faith, ever thy due,  
Offering of Hope, born ever new,  
Offering of Love, forever true,

Alma Mater, Alma Mater.

Sages and saints in days of yore  
Thy watchword kept their eyes before,  
And in the front thy banner bore.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater.

By thee our youthful steps were led  
In Wisdom's paths their way to tread,  
Her words of Truth our daily bread.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater.

Armed for each call for God and right  
Thy sons e'er hold all burdens light  
Upborne for thee and in thy might.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater.

Down through the ages yet to be  
Thy faithful sons shall cling to thee,  
And sing thy praises loyally.  
Alma Mater, Alma Mater, Alma Mater!

CHARLES ALEXANDER NELSON,

*Class of 1860.*

MAY 27, 1912.

May 1, 1914. Family items: We go to our summer bungalow, June 8th, to stay till the end of September. It is on Cumberland Head, Lake Champlain, six miles out from Plattsburg, N. Y.

My son-in-law, Reinhard A. Metzel, goes to Leyden in June, to study experimental physics. He is an Instructor in the College of the City of New York.

Personal items: Did I write you last year that I was elected a member of the Union Society of the Civil War? April 14th, I celebrated my 75th birthday. By a curious coincidence, just 75 friends came to see me and showered flowers and good wishes upon me till I felt like "Sixty." I wrote two poems for the occasion and had three written to me.

Occupation: Have indexed only five books the past year, including Geo. L. Rives' two-volume book, "The United States and Mexico," a sterling work. Since Nov. 1, 1913, I have been engaged at the Merchants' Association of New York, in digesting on cards and indexing the proceedings in mss. of the board of directors and the Executive Committee since its organization in 1897.

Miscellaneous: I enjoyed very much going with my wife to the big reception given to Wetmore by the Harvard Club of New York. "Ned" was the same old six-pence—jolly and cordial as ever.

State of health: In February an attack of La Grippe, following a severe cold, kept me in bed twelve days and in the house three weeks. It saved my life, for during that time we had our heaviest snow storms and worst weather, to which, had I been exposed, I might have contracted pneumonia and had my name starr'd in the next Quinquennial!

On April 14th the members of the Library Staff at Columbia sent me a box of roses with a congratulatory note signed by 27 present and ex-members. Here follows my acknowledgment:

## TO MY STAFF.

Ah! those roses! 'pon my honor,  
 When they comed upon my sight  
 My "blue" eyes grew misty-moisty,  
 And my throat felt rather tight!

Eight and forty blushing beauties!  
 They just filled my heart, my dears.  
 Tho' I ought to blush to 'fess it—  
 Guess my eyes were filled with tears!

Say—who wouldn't want to totter,  
 Just to lean on such a *staff*!  
 And who wouldn't have a birthday,  
 Just such draughts of love to quaff!

C. ALEX. NELSON.

May 12, 1915. Family items: Wife was knocked down by a trolley car on April 7th—bruised but no bones broken—lame for some days, and still has sciatic pains in right leg. On April 26th, daughter, Ruth A. Wetzel, underwent a major operation in a private sanitarium—proved a "star patient," came home in an auto, May 8th, and is doing finely.

Personal items: Have written some birthday verses and a poem on my native "Pine Tree State" for a bazar given last November by the "Maine Women's Club of New York." Have indexed two books during the year, and have another coming in immediately for Hon. David Jayne Hill on "The People's Government." There is no time left for "Satan to find some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Honors: "Easy." I copy my *greatest* received today, May 12, 1915.

"DEAR MR. NELSON:—I want to thank you for your hymn entitled 'Alma Mater.' It is set to a good tune, and I wish it might be sung by the Alumni Chorus next Commencement Day.

"Sincerely yours,

"CHARLES W. ELIOT."

CHARLES ALEXANDER NELSON, ESQ.

Occupation: Have been engaged since January, 1914, at the Merchants' Association of New York City, digesting and indexing mss. proceedings, alphabetically and chronologically. Expect to finish this work before we go to Cumberland Head, Lake Champlain, the last of May or first of June.

State of Health: Very good—Seventy-six young!

NICKERSON, DR. FRANKLIN. DEAR DR. DRIVER:—  
I must apologize for not answering your letter of the 16th of February, but my time has been so fully occupied since my father's death that I have neglected my correspondence up to this moment.

I do not know that there is anything in the later life of my father which would be of general interest. No doubt he had told you of his disease of the heart, *angina pectoris*, from which he had suffered for some years past. He was more or less confined to the house on account of this trouble, and oftentimes an attack of pain in the region of the heart would prevent him from taking the car down town or oblige him to cease some daily activity of the house. He looked in good health up to the day of his death, but often remarked that if he were not a physician the house would be full of doctors and the tables crowded with medicine. He grew much depressed over the political situation; a staunch patriot himself, the loose utterances of our public men profoundly saddened him. He was up and about the house and actively interested in the daily household workings and on the very morning of the 14th ordered a birthday cake for my sister Mabel, and gave special instructions as to its decoration.

My father was a remarkable man. He was not only wise, but good. He was a strong Unitarian and salvation by character was the essence of his religion; he did not believe so much in churches as in men. His most impressive characteristic was his absolute devotion to his family. His life was one long chapter of self-sacrifice for us all.

I hope that I may not have said more than is in good taste as coming from a member of his family, but if it should seem so I hope you will pardon it in a most loving son; indeed, at the risk of seeming effusive, I should like to quote one more tribute to the memory of my father from the Rev. George Batchelor of Cambridge, former Unitarian pastor of our Lowell Church and until recently editor of the *Christian Register*, a most estimable gentleman and

devoted friend: "I should like to do honor to the memory of a man who had no moral superior among the citizens of Lowell."

It was this insistence on character in the estimation of man, in the life of my father, which remains the most potent influence; it counts forever.

Most sincerely yours,

HAROLD NICKERSON.

Franklin Nickerson, born Sept. 8, 1838, in Hingham, son of Anson and Sally Ann (Downs) Nickerson, died in Lowell, Feb. 14, 1912. Entered the Harvard Medical School in the fall of 1860. In 1862 he was for two months in the employ of the U. S. Sanitary Commission as assistant surgeon. Received degree of M. D. in the summer of 1863. In the following fall was commissioned Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. N. Resigned in the fall of 1864. Served first on the U. S. Steamer *Shockocon*, and then on the *Britannia*. The vessels were employed in picketing and in support of army expeditions. In the summer of 1864, was invited by the Navy Department to be examined for the regular service. In the spring of 1865, opened an office in Chicago, remaining there a year. In the summer of 1866, began practice in Lowell, where he had since remained. Married in Hingham, Nov. 14, 1866, Mary Wallace, daughter of David and Hannah (Souther) Lincoln. Had five children. In 1889, he was on the staff of St. John's Hospital, Lowell. He took an interest in city affairs, serving on the school board for a long term of years, and made an excellent record. He was a member of the First Unitarian Church and at one time, was a singer in the choir there.

HERSEY GOODWIN PALFREY. Born Oct. 9, 1839, at Bradford, died at Boston, April 6, 1911. During the Civil War, he enlisted as a private in the 13th Mass. Vols., Aug. 11, 1862; was taken prisoner at second battle of Bull Run; escaped and joined his regiment at Antietam while the battle was in progress there. Was at Fredericksburg; captain of the 4th Engineers, Corps d'Afrique, afterwards U. S. C. T., April, 1864; mustered out, Jan. 6, 1866. He leaves a widow.

I thank you and the Class of Harvard, 1860, for your kind words and sympathy.

MRS. HERSEY GOODWIN PALFREY.

PRESBREY, SILAS D. 1911. I report no change. I am glad to see that you have a typewriter.

1912. Family items: No change. Personal items: I can't think of any. Occupation: I am doing a little practice, but my chief occupation for the past winter has been frequent trips to Boston for treatment for my eyes. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Health about as usual, but I can't see as well as I'd like to.

1913. Family items: No change in family. Personal items: "No news is good news." Occupation: Still doing some practice. State of health: Is it "Sixty up" still?—No material change since last year; I think it's "Sixty up."

May 1, 1914. Family items: I have not been making history the past year; and have nothing of moment to add to last year's record.

May 1, 1915. Family items: No change. Honors: "Easy." Occupation: Retired from active practice. State of health: Good, excepting loss of eyesight.

Was at Class Dinner.—[SEC.]

SCOTT, HENRY B. 1911. Here is what Joseph Shippen sent me—a clipping from their local newspaper. I saw him in Seattle about a week ago.

I hope, my dear boy, you are still young, and able to lead the chorus again. "We're a band of foster brothers,"—great song!

Family items: Son, Henry R. Scott (H. U., 1897), married May 23, 1910, to Mary Derby Peabody of Boston.

Son, Christopher P. Scott, of Portland, Oregon, married June 25, 1910, to Julia Reichman of Chicago.

Children born: Richard Cranch Scott, at Portland, Oregon, June 1, 1910, son of R. Gordon Scott (H. U., 1902), and Grace Eliot Scott.

Personal items: An active life, full of interest in the great grow-

ing West. Occupation: Real estate. Honors: Seven children, three grandchildren. Physical condition: Fine! Not an ache. Heart all right. Comments and remarks: I counted my years last June at our 50th anniversary and found they were 71, but after the dinner I averaged up with the rest of the Class at just 60. It was a great good time!

1912. Family items: Two new grandchildren: Abigail Adams Scott, Bruce Chardon Scott. This makes six in all—four boys and two girls. Personal items: Nothing new, am very well, not an ache or pain. Occupation: Western Land Business. Quite active—principally in the Western states. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" "Sixty" young!

1913. Family items: Two new grandchildren since last report. State of health: Is it "Sixty up" still?—Fine; three square meals. Sixty up! Hi!!

May 1, 1914. Family items: Nine grandchildren; five on the Pacific coast, four on the Atlantic.

Personal items: Nothing to speak of.

Occupation: Western lands.

State of health: Sixty up. A little slow in following the ball.

May 1, 1915. Family items: Two new olive blossoms on the grand parental tree, Elizabeth Lincoln, Portland, Maine, Josephine ——— Portland, Oregon. Eleven grandchildren now answer the parental morning roll call; six on the Pacific coast, three girls, three boys; five on the Atlantic, three girls, two boys.

Personal: Well and active.

Honors: None so great as to have belonged to the Class of 1860.

Occupation: Manager or director of various western land companies.

State of health: Heart first rate. Legs good. Memory growing treacherous.

Harry could not attend the Dinner, and we missed his happy greeting.—[SECRETARY.]

SHERWIN, THOMAS. 1912. I can think of nothing of interest to record.

1913. I trust you are in good health and enjoying your youth as well as ever. Our Class finances look satisfactory. We have now in the treasury \$498.00 in addition to the copper shares. I see they plan to improve Harvard Square. A good thing.

May 1, 1914. Family items: Nothing new to report.

Personal items: None.

Occupation: With Telephone Co.

State of health: As well as one has any right to be.

Born in Boston, July 11, 1839; son of Thomas and Mary (Gibbens) Sherwin. Died in Boston, December 19, 1914.

General Thomas Sherwin, long an official of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company, died Saturday night, Dec. 19, 1914, at his home, 150 Commonwealth Avenue, after an illness of several weeks. Late one afternoon, General Sherwin suffered a shock at his home, and, while he gradually showed improvement and the immediate effects of the shock disappeared, his health became impaired. He had been chairman of the board of directors of the telephone company for the past five years, since his resignation as president, a position which he had occupied for a quarter of a century.

The funeral was held from the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church, Jamaica Plain. General Sherwin had long resided in that district and the family home in Revere Street was vacated only a few years ago.

General Sherwin's father was Thomas Sherwin, principal of the English High School. On his father's side he was descended from the New Hampshire family of that name. His grandfather, David Sherwin, served in Stark's Brigade during the Revolution and was at the battle of Bennington.

The son was educated at the Dedham High School and the Public Latin School, Boston, where he fitted for college. He entered Harvard and was graduated with the class of 1860. During his college course, he taught a winter school at Medfield and for a year after his graduation was master of the Houghton School in Bolton. When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted with other young men of Bolton and adjoining towns, and a company was formed of

which General Sherwin was elected captain. Later he was commissioned adjutant of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Regiment and took part in most of the battles of the Army of the Potomac with that regiment until the expiration of its term of service in 1864, receiving promotions to the rank of major and lieutenant colonel. He received the commissions of colonel and brigadier general of United States volunteers by brevet, for gallant service at Gettysburg and for meritorious service during the war. General Sherwin then resumed teaching for a year at the English High School.

In 1866 he was appointed deputy surveyor of customs at Boston, and held that position until 1875, when he was elected to the newly-established office of city collector of Boston. In 1883 he became auditor of the American Bell Telephone Company and subsequently associated himself with the New England Company.

General Sherwin was a member of the Union and St. Botolph Clubs, the Loyal Legion, the Hooker Association and Post 144, G. A. R., of Dedham, and of these three he was past commander.

He is survived by his wife, Isabel Fiske Edwards, a daughter of the late Hon. Thomas M. Edwards of Keene, N. H., to whom he was married in 1870; three sons, Thomas E., Robert W. and Edward V. Sherwin; and three daughters, Mrs. William H. Goodwin (Eleanor Sherwin) of Dedham, Mrs. Philip Lee-Warner (Mary Sherwin) of London, England, who visited her parents last summer, and who returned to London in October; and Miss Anne I. Sherwin.

Announcement of General Sherwin's death to the telephone world was conveyed by President Spaulding of the New England Company, to President Vail of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and to the presidents of the various associated Bell companies of the United States and Canada in the following telegram:

"General Thomas Sherwin, chairman of the board of directors of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, died in Boston Saturday, Dec. 19, in his seventy-fifth year. A brave and brilliant soldier during the Civil War; a pioneer in the telephone field—for twenty-three years auditor of the American Bell Telephone Company, and for twenty-five years president of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company—a man of the highest character and ability, and with a charming personality. His death

is a great loss, not only to the community, but also to the telephone interests over the whole country."

Sherwin was not only highly esteemed by his Classmates, but he was beloved by them. This was in evidence not only in college days, but during all the years after.

It was a heart-cheering sight to see all the men greet him at Holworthy 2. We all were proud of him and his honorable career. He made no distinction in his class intercourse, but every man was made to feel that he was a personal friend. In our class reunions he was a most happy speaker and was pleased if he could bring out the qualities of some of the more modest men. If I should use my own words in describing him, that word would be "nobility." His personality was noble and his whole life was a sample of nobility. The whole class are his sincere mourners.—[SECRETARY.]

SHIPPEN, JOSEPH. 1911. I have read with great interest and pleasure the full report published of our semi-centennial, and still greatly regret my own absence. Time has, of course, made great changes in "The Boys" and yet their individual characteristics seem to shine out vividly. I hate to hear so many of you complain of getting or feeling old. None of that for me, and one of my accepted songs is "Uncle Joe," who declares he isn't old:

"And if any girl here is in love with me,  
She'll find me as young as I used to be."

I have a book in my library, "Pictures of the Past," by Josiah Quincy of the Class of 1821, which to me is full of interest. It furnishes lots of incidents of "ye olden time," before our day, that are capital material for conversation and college dinners. Look it up and you will thank me for the advice.

1913. Have nothing of special interest to report.

Nov. 27, 1914. Declining health and absence of anything of special interest to report must seem to account for my overlooking your faithful letters. Out of place would be any remarks on the terrible war even from one who has lent his humble influence at home and abroad for a series of years to promote international arbitration and peace.

1915. Not heard from.

SPAULDING, HENRY G. 1911. Family items: None. Personal items: None. Occupation, Honors: Studying, preaching and attending to the endless details of administering estates. Have read papers before the Boston Browning Society; the Tuesday Club, and at social gatherings. Am to be (by President Lowell's invitation) the Orator of the day at Harvard (Saunders's Theatre), on Decoration Day, May 30, 1911. Physical condition: Fine.

1912. Personal items: Was married, as you know, on June 15, of 1911. Have been "glad of it" ever since. Sent out in August, 1911, my Address on Charles Sumner. No one received it "but to praise" it—with much special praise of the *dedication* verse. Occupation: Busy all the time. Have had much to do as executor of a will and administrator of an estate. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Yes! I often feel "like Sixty!" Am in first-rate health. Old friends who meet me say, either: "How well you look," or "How young you are looking." My reply is: "Yes, but it's hard to *live up* to such looks."

### AT SEVENTY-FIVE

At Seventy-five, if one's alive,  
Hale, hearty, is and sound;—  
He fancies, then, "threescore and ten"  
Mark not life's final bound.

At Seventy-five, when men arrive  
Through many changing years,  
They boldly say: We'll drive away  
All foolish doubts and fears.

For life is good; man's daily food  
Is pleasant more than sad;  
Though sometimes vexed and oft perplexed,  
His soul is ever glad.

Glad that One knows and e'er bestows  
The blessings that we need;  
Glad that we still may do His will  
And simple duties heed.

And so, my heart, go not apart,—  
Thy life-work is not done;  
Still give good cheer and have no fear  
When sinks the setting sun.

MAY 28, 1912.

HENRY G. SPAULDING.

1912. DEAR "DRIVE:"—(A good name for you, old fellow!) Have had a long letter from Harry Scott, mostly about my Sumner address. Toward the end he says he fears I may "take unkindly" his criticisms of Sumner—but reminds me that, "We're a band of foster-brothers." He (oddly) liked "best of all those charming lines of the dedication" to Mrs. S.—Have been reading the late William James's book, "Memories and Studies." It would greatly interest you. There is a chapter on Agassiz, another, very appreciative, on our dear Bob Shaw, one on "The Social Value of the College-Bred," and one on "The True Harvard."

Harry is in New York. Found Georgia cold and rainy. Six weeks behindhand in weather and wasn't well there. Is better and his wife has come to New York to be with him for some days.

Feb. 25, 1913. Dr. L. W. Gilbert (H. C., 1893), asked me for ages for the ten of our fourteen doctors who have passed on. Taking 21 as the average age at graduation, I find that

Adams died at	56	Osborne	65
Cole	34	Wadsworth	73
Haslett	65	Wheelock	68
Nickerson	73	Willard	53
Stevens	65	Weld	54
			606

Average age 60 years.

1913. Family items: Spent the summer of 1912 (eleven weeks) at the Forest Hills Hotel, Franconia, N. H. Personal items: Have been "going slowly" since the middle of April on account of the "strained heart" referred to below. Read a paper in October, 1912, before the Boston Association of Ministers. Have been a member since 1907. Have lately resigned from three clubs: The St. Botolph, Twentieth Century and Appalachian Mountain. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Yes; in spite of the fact that my doctor says I have "*strained*" my heart by being too *active*! Am steadily improving in the cardiac region. Shall read a new essay on "Emerson, the Poet," at the Newton Tuesday Club on May 27. The meeting closes the thirtieth year of my membership in the Tuesday Club.

May 2, 1914. Occupation: Same as last year. A "retired"

minister and lecturer, who, because he has nothing to do, is *busy* all the time.

State of health: Is it still "Sixty up"? "Follow the Ball!" Health first rate; so I am "bold" to say—Follow a simple rule: When well, *keep well*.

Seven and Seventy is the "figger"  
On the milestone passed today;—  
Glad am I it isn't bigger,  
Glad that I'm still "on the way."

Things before me, things behind me,  
Come not now within my look;  
For they surely would but blind me,  
While my life's an open book.

On its pages gaze I ever,—  
Take the best of now and here;  
Past and future both I sever,  
Living in the time that's near.

Once, in happy days of childhood,  
Wrote I: "For the Present live,  
Think not of the Past's Sweet Wildwood,  
Nor of what your dreams may give."

Now that I am older growing,  
Sing I still that self-same song;  
Still the Present only knowing  
Take the time that comes along.—

So, today, the Past that's vanished  
Comes no more to vex my soul;  
And the Future, too, is banished  
From the thoughts that round me roll.

Spending time in always giving  
Every moment to good ends,  
Life is surely worth the living,  
Since to Heaven it ever tends.

May 1, 1915. Family and Personal items: None. Honors: None. Occupation: "Retired" minister and lecturer. State of health: "Sixty up?" Yes.

May 28, 1915.

I'm 78, and celebrate  
Another day of birth;  
The "Sunday boy" 's a man of joy  
Also a man of mirth.

I'm often told I'm growing old;  
At this I'll not repine;—  
The thing I prize that never dies  
Is Life that grows divine.

Today, I know,—for it is so,—  
I'm near the *eighty* line;  
But surely this is cause for bliss  
That still my life doth shine.

So, on this day, though far away  
Have flown my youthful joys,  
We'll all agree that naught we see  
Our happiness destroys.

H. G. S.

SWAN, CHARLES W. 1911. Personal items: Nothing to report. Occupation, Honors: None. Physical condition: About the same as at last report. Certainly no improvement. Comments and remarks: I see you have a typewriter. I am busy making inferences, the chief of which concerns your health, which I hope is very good.

1912. Personal items: Nothing worth mentioning. Occupation: Principally reading a German Magazine and one or two others. State of health: "Is it Sixty up?" General condition about the same.

March 9, 1912. I enclose newspaper cuttings relative to the death of Dr. Nickerson. You need not return them.

There is an excellent obituary notice of Classmate Batchelder in the number of *Rhodora* for March, written by Mrs. Maria L. Owen of Springfield. If you will enclose 15 cents to Wm. P. Rich, 300 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, he will be glad to send you a copy.

I suppose you have seen notices regarding Classmate Wadsworth in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*. If not, I can send you a copy. Let me congratulate you upon your continued ability to

do a day's work. I wish I could say as much, but my activities are chiefly limited to reading and walking about, at short range.

Wishing you many more days of usefulness.

May 1, 1914. Family items: Nothing new.

Personal items: I remain with very little change in my physical condition.

Occupation: Reading.

Miscellaneous: Monotony—assorted sizes.

State of health: It is Sixty still alive with its ups and its downs.

May 8, 1915. His daughter writes: "Father is living with me now, and his state of health continues about the same. He sends his best wishes to the class."

THOMAS, J. B. F. Died at the home of his step-daughter, Mrs. Mudge, 24 Oakland Street, Allston, Mass., in the 75th year of his age. He was the son of Seth J. Thomas and Ann M. Stoddard Thomas. Born October 29, 1839, died September 10, 1914. He was born at 64 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass., and this house was built by his grandfather, Richard Stoddard. This house and the one adjoining, built by Mr. Lincoln, were the first two houses built on Chestnut Street. He prepared for college at the Boston Latin School, and after graduating from college, graduated from the Harvard Law School. Since the death of his wife, four years ago, he had made his home with his step-daughter in Allston. He had suffered in health for some time, but did not give up until about three weeks before his death. He was genial and cheerful to the last. He felt it keenly that he was unable to join "the boys" at the June Commencement and stated at the time that it was the only Commencement, with one exception, that he had ever missed. The nature of his illness was arteroid sclerosis, which he had had for years. Interment was at Forest Hills Cemetery, September 12, 1914.

Thomas was a favorite in his class for his never-failing cheerfulness and genial humor. He was always ready with wit, sparkling and fitted to the occasion. His sayings were often quoted by the Class for their quaintness and passed like new coin from hand to hand. He attached to himself a set of warm friends, who knew

his real worth, which was at times perhaps obscured by a disguise of frivolity. But let a serious matter come up and the other man appeared, ready with sound judgment, ready for wise consideration. His class sincerely regrets his loss.—[SECRETARY.]

TOWLE, JAMES A. 1911. Occupation, Honors: Teaching, as before. Physical condition: Excellent, unchanged. Comments and remarks: Let me try to express my appreciation of the Record which came in the autumn. Its pages stir one's heart, as that reunion was a unique and precious experience. My own affection for the class grows deeper every year, but so does my gratitude for our beloved Secretary.

1912. Occupation: Teaching, as in recent years. When one sees the corruption and baseness in our politics, not excepting the present unspeakable presidential campaign, and the towering tyranny of the money power, and the inevitable and not far distant revolution unless this power be checked, we cannot deny the supreme importance of giving all possible *moral* help to our youth, that in the coming days they may stand for righteousness, and freely sacrifice personal advantage for the salvation of the state and humanity. In this view, teaching seems to me a sound and most important function, and I would not exchange it for anything else on earth.

Health: Perfect in quality, and endurance, while less than years ago, does not seem now to change from year to year. Therefore I can and do enjoy my work immensely.

MY DEAR DRIVER:—It is a joy to have a word of cheer from you over your familiar signature. May Heaven smile upon you and yours many, many years.

Feb. 25, 1913. My health is of the best.

May 21, 1913. Family items: On April 4, 1913, to my son, Herbert Ladd, was born a son, Warren Ladd Towle. I have thus attended to a matter which I have carelessly neglected too long. Occupation: Am still teaching languages in the New York High Schools, filling vacancies. Utilize the hours on "elevated" and in subways by reading Greek, Plato now-a-days. State of health: A kind Providence gives me perfect health. This doubtless has some

connection with a daily morning course of gymnastics, kept up with little if any intermission since college days.

May 1, 1914. Occupation: Teaching, as formerly.

State of health: Health seems to be perfect. I cannot do so much work as formerly, but teaching and various study, especially of Greek literature, keep me reasonably busy, and the good Lord brings consolation, comfort and joy. I often recall and feel ready to adopt Chrysostom's motto: *δόξδτῶθεῶ πδν ἰωνενεδ*. Warmest wishes for yourself, my dear Driver.

May 1, 1915. Occupation: Teacher as formerly.

Family and Personal items: None.

State of health: "Sixty up?" Yes, I do not call myself particularly robust, but my health is perfect. Possibly an early morning 20-minute course of gymnastics, kept up for some 55 years, has a little bearing on this.

## WADSWORTH, OLIVER FAIRFIELD.

JUNE 19, 1913.

DEAR DR. DRIVER:—Very many thanks for the notice of my father, which reached me yesterday. Most of my family are now away in different directions for the summer, but I will let them all read the resolution when they return in the fall.

Very sincerely yours,

R. G. WADSWORTH.

Dr. Oliver Fairfield Wadsworth, for many years the leading ophthalmologist in Boston, one of the pioneers among American physicians in making a specialty of eye diseases, died Nov. 29, 1911, at his home, 526 Beacon Street. He was nearly 74 years old and his health had been failing for a year, since he underwent a serious operation.

Dr. Wadsworth was born in Boston and went to Harvard College, graduating in 1860. He had been prominent in athletics. He then went through the Medical School, and toward the end of the Civil War, enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment and served as surgeon.

With the close of the war he went to Europe and devoted several years to the study of eye diseases. He pursued this study in Dresden

and Zurich and returned to Boston about 1868. He opened an office on Boylston Street, and his ability before many years won him the position of eye specialist at the Massachusetts General Hospital, the Boston City Hospital and the Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary.

He was selected as professor of ophthalmology at the Harvard Medical School, serving in that capacity for over 10 years. Up till the night before his death, he was secretary of the Boston Medical Library, with which he had been connected from its foundation in 1875, with Oliver Wendell Holmes as president. He was one of its original incorporators.

In many medical societies he was a prominent member. He served on the committee on publications of the Massachusetts Medical Society and was a leading figure of the Boston Society for Medical Improvement. He was a member of the Tavern, St. Botolph and The Country Clubs. In 1909 he was made associate fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia.

He is survived by four sons, Dr. Richard G. Wadsworth, Eliot Wadsworth of Boston, Philip Wadsworth of Milton and Oliver F. Wadsworth of Great Falls, Mont.; and two daughters, Mrs. Thomas Russell Sullivan of Boston, and Mrs. George E. Burgess of Milton.

At a meeting of the board of trustees of the Boston City Hospital on Dec. 19, 1911, official notice was received of the death of Oliver Fairfield Wadsworth, M. D. Dr. Wadsworth was born in Boston on April 26, 1838, and died Nov. 29, 1911. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1860, and received the degree of master of arts in 1863. During the summer of 1862, he was engaged for a few weeks in the United States Sanitary Commission. In 1864, he was appointed house officer at the Massachusetts General Hospital. He received his degree of M. D. from Harvard in 1865. During nearly the whole of Dr. Wadsworth's professional life, he was connected with the Boston City Hospital. He was elected physician to out-patients on March 20, 1866, associate ophthalmic surgeon Nov. 22, 1870, and visiting ophthalmic surgeon, in association with Dr. Williams, beginning the first Monday of May,

1885. His appointments at the Boston City Hospital extended over a period of 46 years, and during all this time his knowledge and experience were at the call of the institution. The trustees feel that it is impossible for them fully to express the great feeling of grief that they have experienced in the death of Dr. Wadsworth, and they feel that no language can sufficiently indicate the great loss to the institution in the death of so distinguished a man as Dr. Wadsworth, who devoted his entire professional life to the arduous duties of an ophthalmic surgeon at the Boston City Hospital.

The trustees also feel that no testimonials, that no resolutions, can sufficiently convey the feeling of personal sorrow in the death of Dr. Wadsworth. The following verse from Kipling seems particularly appropriate:

He scarce had need to doff his pride  
Nor slough the dross of earth.  
E'en as he trod that day to God,  
So walked he from his birth  
In simpleness and gentleness  
And honor and clean mirth.

JOHN H. MCCOLLOM.

WEBBER, SAMUEL G. 1912. Family items: My daughter, Miss Marie Webber, has been studying at the School of Design, at Boston Art Museum, for two years, especially making jewelry. Miss Sarah S. Webber has taught swimming and medical gymnastics for several years. We spend summers at our cottage, Sagamore Beach, Mass. I recommend this as a summer resort to all who wish a cool, quiet, social place. Personal items: I do not think of anything especially personal. I know I am growing old, as I began a while since to drop to pieces. My hair has for some years dropped out, and my teeth have dropped out, at least some of them.

Occupation: I supplied the place of Dr. Elizabeth Grey at Posse Gymnasium for two months while she went to Europe, teaching parts of anatomy, physiology, etc. I almost imagined myself back in 1861-62 while I pegged away at anatomy to prepare to meet the classes. In 1861-2 we had no physiology, so my imagination fails there. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Yes and no. When fatigued by work or play, which at 60 I did not mind, I think I am 70 down.

As a rule I have been very well, active, and reasonably vigorous. Not sick since grippe pulled me down four years ago.

DEAR DRIVER:—I have written more than usual. As the Class is getting smaller, I try to give more, to make up in bulk what is lacking in novelty.

1913. Family items: Mrs. Webber has the same lack of health as during several years past. Miss Webber is just finishing her third year in the Art School of Design, connected with the Boston Art Museum. In the present exhibition of the year's work nine out of twelve of her "problems" were exhibited. Miss Sarah Webber is still interested in Medical Gymnastics.

Personal items: Gave up my office in Warren Chambers February first. See patients now only by appointment. Have fairly good health. My years do not weigh heavily. Stay at home more than in past years.

Occupation: No change.

State of health: Is it "Sixty up" still? "Sixty up" fifteen in July. My family complain of my inattention at times. Hearing slightly impaired. Can walk half a mile in ten. No digestive nor heart troubles; no nephritis; some arterio-sclerosis. If I could invent some nonsense about my health I would fill the rest of this page.

May 1, 1914. Family items: My older daughter, Miss Maria G. Webber, graduated this June from the School of Design of the Museum of Fine Arts. Mrs. Webber and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary, April 13, 1914.

Personal items: I have withdrawn from active practice and see patients only on appointment.

State of health: Good—active—only sign of increasing years, I cannot work as long continuously and need to take more sleep.

May 1, 1915. Family items: Mrs. Webber invalid from accident on L.

Personal: For last two or three years have had no general office practice; see patients only by appointment.

Honors: None. Hope I have some honor left.

Occupation: Reading, meditating, trying to keep good natured and do some good to someone.

State of health: Fine, easily fatigued, and slightly hard of hear-

ing. Only sign of increasing years is—not able to do as much as formerly, need more frequent rests; don't remember names of old acquaintances if not seen for a long time.

WELD, STEPHEN M. 1911. The only matter of family history that has happened during the year was the birth of a daughter on the 28th of April to my son, Rudolph Weld. Rudolph fell from his horse on the morning of February 13th, and had a hemorrhage of the brain resulting therefrom. He has been very ill, but has now wholly recovered.

1912. I do not know that there is much to give you for my record. I spent about four months of the autumn shooting in Ireland on a place, Rockingham House, that I leased with another gentleman. There is nothing new in the family record.

Received announcement of the engagement of Weld's youngest son, Philip B., to Katharine Saltonstall of Hyde Park, Mass.—[SECRETARY.]

1913. I do not think I have anything new with regard to myself the past year. My son, Philip, was married November 2nd, last, to Miss Katharine Saltonstall, daughter of Philip L. Saltonstall. He is now living in New York, a member of my firm.

May 2, 1914. I do not know that there is anything of interest to go into my record. I went abroad in the autumn to Ireland and stayed there from the middle of October until the first of January. My son, Philip B. Weld's wife presented him with a daughter last September.

May 3, 1915. Nothing of any moment has happened to me during the year. My son, Philip B. Weld, had a son born in New York, December 11, 1914, Philip Saltonstall Weld. I have been in good health. I have had no honors.

Weld was chosen class treasurer, to take Sherwin's place, at the class meeting, June 24, 1915.—[SECRETARY.]

WETMORE, EDMUND. 1911. I have absolutely no addition to make to my record, public or private, since our Anniversary,

so I can only send through you my renewed greetings and good wishes to my Classmates.

1912. I have no changes whatever to report for this last year. I have been busy in my profession. Interested in the affairs of the Sons of the Revolution, of which society I am president. Have left the house in Lexington Avenue, in which I have lived for so many years, and moved into apartments in East 57th Street, a move occasioned principally by the excavations for the subway, which ran beneath the street directly before my door. Have had some illness during the year, but am now in excellent health, and contributing nothing to your profession. I fear to my sorrow I cannot come to Commencement this year.

June 24, 1913. I was very sorry to miss so many of my Classmates Commencement Day, but my own time was so taken up on that day, and I was obliged to return to Boston at half-past one, that I only had a chance to look in at our room twice. Thanks for your congratulations. Hope I may be able to come again next year.

May 29th, 1913. My report this year must be merely a repetition of the report I made nearly a year ago. I have quietly pursued my profession in this city and had no changes in my family.

The Sons of the Revolution have published a paper I read before them on the "Birth of the Constitution," which has had a pretty wide circulation, and I hope has done some good.

May 19, 1914. Blessed is the State that has no history and the graduate that has no story! I do not know as I can change the record of last year in the smallest particular for the present current year. I have not had my usual vigorous health up to the note of high C, which you used to give us in the Glee Club, but I have not enjoyed health very much and met with much professional success.

Am really sorry I do not see any present chance of my coming on to the Commencement, but I shall certainly do so if it is physically possible.

He missed Commencement and the Class Dinner at the Vendome, greatly to our regret; Hamlet without any Hamlet.—[SECRETARY.]

WEYMOUTH, A. B. 1911. This is my birthday, and I am now 72 years old. I get along very well in the day time, but

the nights sometimes seem like purgatory. The trigeminal neuralgia is always on the right side,—part of the time in the upper jaw, and at other times in the lower jaw. In the latter case, I occasionally am able to cut short a paroxysm by very firm pressure over the mental foramina. I still attend to my daily duties. I hope that you are in good health.

1912. I sent you a note, not long ago, and have nothing further to add for the past year's record. I had a bad fall yesterday, but providentially escaped without a broken bone, *this* time. Yes, my state of health is "Sixty up,"—decidedly "*up*." But I have no reason to complain. It seems singular that I have dreamed of Batchelder several times. One of these occasions was before daylight on Easter morning.

Jan. 18, 1913. Prof. J. H. Hyslop of New York City informs me that I am an Honorary Associate of the American Society for Psychical Research.

With the exception of very imperfect vision and occasional sharp attacks of trigeminal neuralgia, I am getting along passably well.

Bishop Restarick writes, under date of April 17, that: "Dr. Weymouth is getting on as usual and was quite active on Easter Day in assisting at the services."

May 31, 1913. On Memorial Day I was able to take a longer walk than usual, to see the soldiers' graves decorated, in the old Hawaiian cemetery. Very imperfect vision is one of my infirmities. But doubtless it is all for the best, and it is "Sixty up" still.

Albert Blodgett Weymouth, born in Chelsea, Mass., March 18, 1839, son of Aurelius L. and Mary (Blodgett) Weymouth, studied medicine in the Harvard Medical School, and afterward at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, N. Y., and the Bowdoin Medical School, Brunswick, Me., graduating at the two latter, practising but little, his chief occupation being journalism. Resided in Boston, Medford and Malden. Was in Europe in 1864, contributed to nearly every paper in Boston, was suburban reporter to Boston *Daily Advertiser*; wrote a few poems; was corresponding member of the Maine Historical Society, of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and of the Historical Society of Delaware; was A. B. and A. M. of Harvard. Never married. He died at Lahaina,

H. I., Oct. 6, 1913, after a brief acute illness; but he had suffered from tuberculosis for over two years. He long ago gave up practice of medicine and after preparation for the Episcopal ministry, he entered the service of the Episcopal Church at Lahaina under Bishop H. B. Restarick as curate, doing what he could until a few days before his death. In college, he was modest, dignified, retiring, and highly respected, as a man of sterling character. He was an indefatigable student. In his medical course he was the same.

He was conscious to within an hour of his death, and gave Rev. John Knox Bodel, rector of the Church of the Holy Innocents, and Mrs. Gannon his last wishes concerning his burial. Every wish even to the choice of hymns was carefully carried out.

The funeral services were held with the reading of Scripture by Rev. John Knox Bodel and prayer by Rev. R. B. Dodge at the house. The body was then borne to the church by the following pall bearers: John E. Gannon, Arthur Waal, George Freeland, Charles B. Cockett, Alfred N. Hayselden and Richard Hose. Here the service was conducted by Rev. J. K. Bodel. The hymns were Dr. Weymouth's favorites, which he dearly loved, two of which he tried to repeat on Monday: "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," "Angels of Jesus," "He Leadeth Me." The procession formed outside of the church, with Company L leading. After the hearse came the choir, Revs. Bodel, Bowdish and Dodge, the Masons, forty in number, with George Weight as Marshal, and the vestrymen of the Church of the Good Shepherd, where Dr. Weymouth had supplied for several months during the absence of the clergyman. The long line of the procession was made up of people from all parts of Maui, and many from Lahaina.

At the grave, Rev. J. K. Bodel gave the short committal service, which was followed by the full Masonic burial service, read by Master Wren W. Westcoat, and other officers of Maui lodge. At the close of this service, all the people joined in singing "Abide with Me." Company L then fired a volley and sounded taps in honor of the deceased, who was a soldier in the Civil War.

WHEELER, N. J. 1911. Family items: None. Personal items: None. Occupation, Honors: Began regular preaching and pastoral work again last September. Physical condition: Excellent

health. I shall not be able to come to the Commencement this year. Remember me cordially to our Classmates who are present.

1912. Family items: Nothing new to report. Occupation: Reading much on nature-studies. Still keeping up New Testament Greek. Working on lawn and garden for exercise. Preaching often. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Yes, and almost up to "seventy-nine years young." Am in perfect health, and so find it impossible to realize my age.

1913. Family and Personal items: Nothing new. Occupation: Never busier in reading and writing. Am now writing a book. Friends think it will be a success. State of health: Almost "eighty years young." My restored health seems perfect.

May 1, 1914. Family items: Nothing new to report.

Occupation: Am still preaching often as supply for pastorless churches. Am also busy in authorship. Have one book on "*Baptist Leadership*" nearly ready for publication; and am compiling another on "*Divine Promises for Daily Help*."

State of health: Is it still "Sixty up?" "Follow the Ball!" Yes. Health never better than now. "Simple living" keeps me in splendid trim. Have worked hard all the winter and spring and gained about seven pounds in flesh. Still find life a perennial joy.

A city official called on me today to obtain certain statistics. When asked my age, I replied, "Nearly eighty-one." With a look of amazement, he exclaimed: "What! I never saw a man of your age look so young." Well, I am a wonder to myself, when I recall my fifteen years of invalidism between the years of 1862 and 1877. I suppose I am in danger of living fifteen years longer.

Yours in the delightful bonds of "'60."

May 25, 1915. Am well and working with usual ease and enjoyment. Just received a letter from Fernald. He is as deep in literary work as ever. Good to be in harness after three score years and ten, and even four score years. Yours in bonds of '60.

Personal: Began to supply the pulpit of the Baptist church at Point Judith, R. I., on the first Sunday in September, and am still doing this. Ride by trolley and buggy 35 miles every Sunday morn-

ing, preach twice and return home Monday morning without weariness. Have got my "*second wind*."

Occupation: Besides the weekly preparation of sermons, I have written a book on "Baptist Leadership" and compiled another on "Divine Promises for Daily Help." Since my last report, have done as much mental work in the past year as in any year of my life.

State of health: "Sixty up" with emphasis.

### ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with God, by sweet communion blest,  
Talking with him, whose promise is my rest,  
Feeding on him, the soul's life-giving bread,  
As Jesus taught when he his chosen fed.

Alone with God, amid the world's unrest,  
Leaning my head upon his gentle breast,  
Hearing his still small voice within me say,  
Lo, I will guide thee all along thy way.

Alone with God, when darkness hides his face,  
Assured that naught can rob me of his grace;  
Waiting for him to roll the clouds away,  
And turn my darkness into perfect day.

Alone with God, when tempests rage without,  
And faith is shaken by insidious doubt;  
Strengthened anew by his assuring word,  
All things mean good to those who love the Lord.

Alone with God, when sickness or distress  
Weighs down the soul in pain and bitterness;  
Trusting in him to bring me sure release,  
Changing the ill to good, the pain to peace.

Alone with God, in life's last solemn hour,  
When all things fail, save his unfailing power,  
Feeling his arm, O strong support and sure,  
Bearing me up to life forevermore.

NELSON J. WHEELER.

WHITTEMORE, GEORGE H. 1911. I have a nephew, W. Stewart Whittemore, A. B. 1904, and M. D. 1908, who has been an Assistant in the Harvard Medical School this year. Under the Associated Charities of Boston, Charles P. Putnam, M. D.,

President, he is Secretary of the Committee on the Alcohol Problem, of which Dr. Putnam is Chairman. I am not sure whether I have ever mentioned being Secretary since 1881, of the Harvard Biblical Club, founded in that year by Professor Crawford Howell Toy, D. D., of which he has annually been chosen president since that date. At the April meeting of the Browning Society of Boston, Vice-president, the Rev. Dr. William Van Allen in the chair, our Classmate Spaulding delivered an interesting and eloquent address on Browning's Interpretation of Life. Physical condition: I have much to be thankful for in the matter of health. Comments and remarks: I have been saddened by the death of Palfrey, the high scholar, the patriotic soldier, and the able man. I greatly respected him for his manliness, modesty, cheerfulness and worth.

1912. Family items: DEAR DOCTOR:—You were asking me yesterday, at Spaulding's delightful celebration of his birthday with the family party, to whose inner circle your household and Knapp and I were graciously bidden,—at which your daughter sang so charmingly—about a detail of life today in the homestead here, established sixty-two years ago by my father, on our removal from Boston. The reminiscences of "family items" and other links with the past thus awakened are in these latter days very much my "occupation" about which you inquire.

As to "personal items," I am hoping shortly to call upon the handsome widow at the Vendome, to whom, as I told our comrades at our last reunion there, I had been paying my respects before sitting down to our Class Dinner of 1910. She is now ninety years of age, and was one of my teachers sixty-three or four years ago, at the Mayhew Grammar School, Boston.

Regarding my health: Is it "Sixty up?" It is not only so, but also three-score and ten, and almost three years more! And yet, I shall not have the full "spirit of 76," unless I survive till a little after our next reunion. Meantime, I hope for strength enough to stagger up to your office in case of need, and if I should not find my nephew, your neighbor, in at 39 Brattle Street. On his outer wall hangs the sign, "Dr. Whittemore," which my brother, the late Dr. F. W. Whittemore, put up in this city a generation ago. He had

been an externe at the Boston City Hospital, under that distinguished expert, our Classmate, Dr. O. F. Wadsworth.

May 1, 1914. Personal items: I have spent the winter, half of the last two years, in beautiful Llewellyn Park, Orange, New Jersey, at "Oakleigh," the homestead of the widow of my brother, Dr. F. W. Whittemore of Cambridge, Harvard Medical School, 1878. Adjoining estates are those of the wizard of electricity, Mr. Edison, and of Mr. Philip Garrison, '90. In former years, my intercourse with his father, the late W. P. Garrison, '61, forty years an editor of *The Nation*, was a delightful feature of visits there.

Occupation: I will combine the two heads of "Occupation" and "Miscellaneous" and say "Somewhat."

State of health: As to health, I have much, in consideration of my age, to be thankful for, being able in point of years to go almost fifteen better than "Sixty up;" though I confess I had rather "follow the ball" in some stately, decorous "On with the dance" style, than in a scrimmage on the "Gridiron."

May 1, 1915. Family items: A nephew, Robert Dunster Whittemore, graduated in the Class of 1913, was married in Cambridge, April 5, 1915; is living in Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J., and attends to business in New York. A grandnephew is a sophomore, with a brother expecting to enter Harvard next year; another grandnephew is preparing at Exeter.

Honors: I have the abiding honor of belonging to the Class of '60, and recalling the youthful bloom and continuing masculine beauty of Haughton and Sherwin among others, shall always remember the tribute of the late Hon. James C. Carter of '50 at the Tremont House in 1880, convivial *dona ferens* "from the ablest class of Harvard to the handsomest."

Health: I have more than most men to be thankful for on the score of health, and if I live until August 19th, I shall have ascended from sixty up to seventy-six!

WOODWARD, CALVIN MILTON. 1911. It may be of interest to say of me that directly on my retirement as active Dean and Professor in Washington University, I was placed on the

*Emeritus* list and am still counted in the University faculty. I am now ready to perform any amount of unpaid service for the institution where I have labored for 46 years. As soon as I went off the pay roll of the University, I was placed on the list of those who have a life allowance from that magnificent institution: "The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching." I am exceedingly busy writing a long-promised text-book on "Applied Mechanics," for engineers and engineering students. I enjoy it. My wife and three daughters are well and happy. My five granddaughters flourish in stature and wisdom. A grandson, in whom we had the fondest hopes, died at the age of about eight months, last January. My health is good: golf is still my exercise and favorite sport.

1912. Personal items: Health good. Play golf with great pleasure and profit. Spent February in Florida, in out-door life. Deeply interested in politics. Am very sorry for the egotism of the third term man. Occupation: Finishing my text-book on "Applied Mechanics." Lecture a great deal as a sort of public service. Greatly interested in School to keep colored youth on the farms and make them *skillful* and *thrifty*; above all, keep them away from the cities. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Good. Weight 152. Am still good at golf, quoits, and "bridge." Some hints once in a while that I am not *quite* as young as I was, but keep my relish for the woods and hills. Took prominent part in the Harvard Gathering at Walpole, N. H., last August.

Feb. 19, 1913. DEAR DRIVER:—May this find you hale and hearty and enjoying the privilege of living in this eventful year; we must watch out not only to take all that comes our way, but to keep busy with the work we find to do. My book on "Rational and Applied Mechanics" is the work of a life-time. During the fifty years I learned how to teach a difficult subject; and during three years of "supposed" *leisure* (?) I have learned to teach with my pen. But I do not propose to be shelved quite yet. When I got Spaulding's fine *paean* at striking 75, I was stirred to touch the lyre, when I struck 75 in August. Here is the response:

## AN ECHO FROM ST. LOUIS

AUGUST 25, 1912

After H. G. Spaulding of May 28, 1912.

We'll work and play and drive away  
All thought of age and years—  
Let good blood flow, and fair winds blow,  
Bring smiles but never tears.

This happy age has page on page  
Of lessons to be learned,  
There's work to do—we're not yet thru,  
Our passport's not yet earned.

So here's my hand, ye stalwart band!  
Who "stick together" strong;  
A fresh new cheer, each rolling year,  
As "Sixty" tramps along.

CALVIN MILTON WOODWARD.

May 25, 1913. My record is short. Most of my time was spent with the printers who were getting out my big work on "Rational and Applied Mechanics." It is "out," and on its merits. The enclosed circular tells what eminent Professors and Teachers think about it.

I sent you some verses supplementary to those which Spaulding wrote on striking 75.

I am now extremely busy promoting the success of a country farm school for colored young men and maidens, training them for the farm and household.

The following will tell how we keep Old Harvard in mind:

HOW THE "ASSOCIATED HARVARD CLUBS" CELEBRATED AT  
"SUNSET INN," ST. LOUIS, MAY 23, 1913.

When the actors had performed the unusual stunt of making connection with a square meal, the audience was seated. At one table by themselves sat Scott, '60, and Woodward, '60. On any other occasion it would read Prof. Woodward, real dignified like, with some initials after the name, but not last night. The two classmates got to telling how 75 per cent. of their class went to the war, and how, "if Halleck had only come on with his men when,"

but you know how it is when the '60 boys meet. Woodward came out of it with Captain in front of his name, and Scott earned Lieutenant Colonel with the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, while Woodward was with Company A, Forty-eighth Massachusetts. Their class was the largest that had ever been graduated up to that time, and 37 of the boys are still living.

Dr. Green, who was at a near-by table, has it on them two ways, for he is a '55 man and has a longer title, that being Perpetual Honorary President of the Harvard Club of St. Louis. With him sat more young blades in the persons of Snow, '65, who is well known out around Washington University; Rogers, '62; Clifford, '65. George D. Markham, '81, who has had President Lowell, '77, as his guest, sat with the college head.

Following a stroke of apoplexy, Calvin Milton Woodward, 76, former Dean of the Department of Engineering and Architecture in Washington University, whose educational career was begun in his native State, Massachusetts, where he served when a young man as principal of the Brown High School of Newburyport, died Saturday, January 12, 1914, while one of his daughters, Mrs. Ralph McCarthy of Buffalo, N. Y., was on a train speeding St. Louisward in an effort once more to see her father alive.

Professor Woodward was unconscious from the time of the attack until death. Professor Woodward was born in Fitchburg, Aug. 25, 1837, and educated at Harvard University. He received from that institution in 1860 and in 1883 an A. B. degree and the Ph. D. degree. His work at the Brown High School was interrupted by the Civil War, in which he saw service as captain of Company A, Forty-eighth Massachusetts Volunteers.

After the war he came to St. Louis, and from 1865 to 1870, he was vice-principal of Smith Academy. Since that time, he had served as professor of descriptive geometry and dean of the school of engineering and architecture of Washington University.

He retired from active work in 1909. Professor Woodward was the founder of the St. Louis Manual School, and had been a director of the institution since 1879. He also served first as a member and then as president of the St. Louis Board of Education, and was also a regent of Missouri University at various times since 1891.

He was president of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools in 1905-6, a member of the Society for the Promotion of Education in St. Louis, and was president of the St. Louis Academy of Science from 1907 to 1909. He also served as president of the St. Louis Engineers' Club. He leaves three daughters, two of whom were at his bedside when the end came.

CALVIN MILTON WOODWARD was both honored and beloved by his class: honored for his fine scholarship and his intellectual attainments. He was a splendid specimen of manly strength and untiring muscular power. Never having touched an oar before he came to Cambridge, your Secretary had the honor of teaching him his first strokes. He developed into a splendid oarsman, who never was known to tire and never was beaten. In his last two years he rowed, winning races with Yale, and in his last year he won \$125 in gold, his share of prizes taken in public races, and also \$250 as his half of the \$500 Mathematical prize, Charley Phillips receiving the other half, as their merit in the examination was equal. In the Civil War, while General Banks was besieging Fort Hudson, he volunteered to lead a forlorn hope of sixty men to fill the ditch of the fort with fascines and prepare the way for the rush of a large body of troops. He told me that when he reached the ditch and looked back, every man of the 60 was lying on the ground, either wounded or dead. His appearance at a quinquennial Class Dinner was a signal for an ovation as he rose to speak. His Class honored him living and mourns him dead.

STEPHEN WM. DRIVER,

*Secretary Class of 1860.*

## Temporary Members

BALCH, DAVID M. 1911. Family items: All well. No changes to report. Occupation, Honors: Still busy with chemistry: have been studying the principal algae of Puget Sound, from a collection made for me last summer among the islands of San Juan Co., Wash. Also, as usual, practice horticulture: am somewhat addicted to profound investigations with the hoe and spade. Physical condition: Excellent, both physical and mental, so far as I am able to judge: at all events no special organ seems to be peccant, or liable to impeachment. Comments and remarks: If a man wants to be comfortable, he must find employment for his wits or his hands. What saith Menander?

I have been studying Menander—what there is left of him. It is to be regretted that the partial Fates did not allot us more of Menander and less of Euripides.

1912. Family items: No changes to report. All in good health and spirits. Personal items: About eighteen months ago, I wrote to the Secretary of State, enclosing a resume of my experiments on sources of potassium, stating the great potential value of the Pacific kelp fields as a national asset, and suggesting their exploration by the proper Government officials. The matter was referred to the Secretary of the Interior and of Agriculture, an appropriation secured and work commenced by the Bureau of Soils. The work of last season is included in Dr. Cameron's report, Sen. Doc. 190, 62nd Congress, 2nd Session. The work for this season (exploring and mapping new fields) will begin about July. So you see, my labors for the ten years past have not been wholly in vain. State of health: Excellent: No cause for complaint.

1913. Family items: No changes to report. Daughter Mary expects to be married on June 14th next to Rev. Paul Jones of Logan, Utah; will send you notice of ceremony in due time. Occupation: Same as usual: chemical research as occupation, and gardening for amusement. Have a rather extensive correspondence on matters concerning potash and kindred subjects. State of health:

Excellent; have no fault to find with my physical condition in general. Early in April last, I committed the indiscretion of moving about too briskly in an unfamiliar locality and suffered to the extent of a badly strained ankle, which kept me semi-quiescent for about a month: even now I have to move more slowly than I could wish, though the effects are rapidly wearing off. I must say that I rather enjoyed the experience of an enforced rest—the first for very many years.

May 1, 1914. Family items: Daughter Mary and Rev. Paul Jones married June 14, 1913. Have resided since in Logan, Utah, but will remove in September next to Salt Lake City, when Mr. Jones will assist Bishop F. G. Spaulding in his diocesan work. All of us in good health and spirits.

Occupation: Taking things easy. Have been reading Quintus Calaber—interesting material, poor poet. Shall take up the *Anthologia* pretty soon. Recreation, gardening; a year round job in this climate, where almost anything will grow.

Miscellaneous: Matters locally rather dull in comparison with the feverish activity of the two preceding years. Population estimated at about 80,000.

Exposition preparation in City Park approaching completion; so is Spreckle's railroad eastward through the mountains—a difficult and expensive undertaking. Extensive harbor and wharfage improvements, etc., etc. Building operations reduced about two-thirds.

State of health: Still excellent. Foot completely recovered from severe shaking up that befell in April, so that I am good for a ten mile tramp, and enjoy it.

May 1, 1915. Son-in-law, Paul Jones, consecrated Bishop of Utah, Dec. 16, 1914. Daughter, Barbara Spaulding Jones, born to daughter Mary on Saturday, March 13, 1915.

Occupation: Study, gardening, etc. Am taking things easy.

State of health: As usual very good; have no fault to find with it.

BROWN, C. E. May 1, 1915. Residence: 6 South 11th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Family items: Was married, September, 1866, to Miss Sarah C. Whitaker of Ashford, Conn. One of her brothers, who served

in the Civil War under Grant, is now at Washington, D. C., Gen. E. W. Whitaker. Mrs. Brown departed this life September, 1898. I have one son and three grandchildren living.

Personal: Best wishes and thanks for your remembrance, and to all surviving members of the Class of '60.

Honors: Only as permitted to have been for a brief period enrolled as a student in the honorable Class of '60. May it be yours and mine to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and follow Him, that we may have the true Honor which comes from God alone.

Occupation: Formerly house carpenter—between spells, student and Home Missionary.

Health: Unable to do manual labor. Partially crippled. June 14, 1915, 85 years old.

ELDER, FREDERICK H. 1911. I was very much pleased to learn of the successful character of the Reunion of the Class of 1860. I could not be present, but quite a number of my old acquaintances were, and I understand that they had a very enjoyable time. My health is very good and I live quite comfortably and occasionally play a few games of chess or draughts. With regards to all the gentlemen of the Class.

1912. Everything about my affairs seems to be in pretty fair condition. My general health is very good and the place looks handsome in the spring. If any of you ever come this way, give us a call. All will be glad to see you. Harvard stock seems pretty good of late years.

May, 1915. My health is pretty good, and I wish the Class good fortune and good health.

GREENE, GEORGE SEARS. 1911. Family items: No change from last report. Personal items: Nothing of interest. Very quiet and even. Occupation, Honors: Consulting Engineer. Physical condition: Very well, thank you. Comments and remarks: ZERO.

1912. Family items: Nothing new in any way except that I am Consulting Engineer on the Barge Canals of the State of New York.

1913. I am still practising as a Consulting Engineer. At the annual Harvard dinner here on the 20th inst., Wetmore and I were the only '60 men there; my health is excellent and I was 75 on 26th November last.

May 1, 1914. Family items: I am still a widower and as my son, Carleton Greene, Class of '89, has no children, I am not a grandpa.

Occupation: I am a consulting engineer. Civil Engineering, and besides being a member of a Board of Consulting Engineers for the Barge Canal, have some other practice at same place, 11 Broadway.

Miscellaneous: The Harvard Club here is to give a reception on Friday, 8th May, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Wetmore. I am sorry that I shall be out of town, as I don't know any other '60 man that is about here nowadays.

State of health: My health is very good indeed. Rheumatism, lumbago and such have not yet troubled me.

May 1, 1915. Family items: Nothing new.

Personal, Occupation: Consulting engineer on the Barge Canal of the State of New York.

State of health: Very good. I carry my 77 years very well.

HAZELTON, ISAAC HILLS. 1911. Family items: All is going on well. Physical condition: Very good for 76. Comments and remarks: Love to all the boys of '60, especially Dr. Stephen W. Driver.

1912. Personal items: Same old story. Occupation: Reading, and now and then going to prison or reformatory. State of health: Is it "Sixty up?" Yes; and fourteen years more. The same old love for '60 and her genial Class Secretary.

1913. I am a year older. All my family are doing well in their vocations. With love to Stephen W. Driver and all the survivors of the noble Class of '60.

May 1, 1914. Personal items: Resigned Nov. 20, 1913, my office of State Examiner of Insane Criminals, which I held for thirty-two years.

With the same love for the Class of '60 at nearly seventy-six.

May 1, 1915. Family items: All well.

State of health: I am in reasonable health, and shall be happy to meet you all once more.

Was at the dinner.—[SEC.]

PERDICARIS, ION HANFORD. 1911. Family items: Marriage, February 8th, of a granddaughter (Nellie Gianatelli Gentile) to Col. Serge de Likatscheff, a Russian Secretary of Embassy. Physical condition: Fairly well for 72, but not much to boast of in the way of strength or activity. Comments and remarks: Best wishes for the other "relics" of '60, especially Presbrey and yourself, good friend Driver.

1912. Replying to yours of the 7th inst., received last week, I would just ask you to observe my change of address as above. (The Manor House, Chislehurst, Kent, Eng.)

We left Tunbridge Wells, September, 1910, having secured this unpretentious but most picturesque residence, which is henceforth my permanent address in England, where I am detained by my failing health. Despite the labor troubles, which disturb our sense of security pretty nearly everywhere in the world just now, we have thus far escaped any serious inconvenience. There are no events of personal importance to chronicle since I last wrote. With best wishes to you and yours, and with cordial greeting to the members of '60 who may recall my existence.

May, 1914. Family items: The only incident of interest is that one of our Tangier granddaughters has taken up her residence at Montreal, where her husband, Colonel De Likatscheff, has been appointed as the "Imperial Russian Consul General." His young wife is equally at home in English, French, Italian and Spanish, speaking also a little Russian. They spent three weeks with us prior to sailing for Canada.

Personal items: Am a member of the Harvard Club of London and had the pleasure of meeting President Lowell at our first dinner and also making the acquaintance of Price Collier, now already passed on to the great unknown.

Occupation: I have long since retired from all active occupation,

excepting only that I hold a trusteeship in a mining company in Wiltshire.

Miscellaneous: I often wish that my dear wife's health and my own were such as to enable us to venture once more across the ocean to see some of our old friends in the United States, yourself among the number.

State of health: Is it still "Sixty up?" "Follow the Ball!" We are both permanently invalided, consequently there are no "Balls" for us, neither "up" nor to witness the dance of those who are still young enough to foot it. We are still interested in Morocco, where I observe that Raisuli had his horse shot under him in a battle against the Spanish troops! last week.

Thanks, my dear Driver, for remembering my existence. Nothing but the foregoing typed head lines would have drawn me in my present lethargic condition; but I often wonder how you are? My greetings to Presbrey or any one of my few Classmates who may remember my existence.

THE MANOR HOUSE,  
CHISLEHURST, KENT,  
August 29, 1915.

DEAR CLASSMATE, DRIVER:—I am horrified to stumble on your typed request of May 1st for my Record for the past year (1914). Record I have none except failing strength, one that is scarcely worth mentioning. I wish I could send you the remittance you request, but I have complied with so many demands upon me here, mostly on behalf of the unhappy Belgian refugees, of whom we have had hundreds on our hands here at various Red Cross Hospitals to which we have supplied not only money, but food, clothing, and other necessities, that I am nearly played out.

I have also contributed to our London Harvard Club for similar purposes, and I have moreover taken in, here at home, a very seriously injured Belgian soldier, whom I have undertaken to provide for until hostilities cease??? Well, in the face of so much misery, one must do one's uttermost. Other members of our family have contributed their personal service to the hospitals, both military and civil, and have suffered from serious illness requiring dangerous operations, but both these young ladies are up and at it again. Our

grandson, who is a young lieutenant in the British Navy, was sent to Canada to bring over a submarine, which he managed to accomplish in very heavy weather, an achievement on which he has been warmly congratulated.

Very sincerely yours,

ION H. PERDICARIS.

Bless your dear heart, Perdicaris, you put us all to shame.—  
[SECRETARY.]

STEARNS, JAMES P. 1911. You ask for my "record." I have none. I have retired from active business, and am leading a very quiet life. Fortunately, am in good health.

May 5, 1915. Although still connected with National Shawmut Bank, where I have been forty-eight years, I have no active place in its management. I lead a very quiet life, and my health is good.

STEARNS, JAMES HENRY. 1911. Family items: None. Personal items: None. Physical condition: Pretty much broken down.

1912. Family items: No change, except that I have practically retired from the law practice. I come to my office every day, but do very little work. No change in family. Occupation: Lawyer. State of health: Not as good as it used to be.

1913. Family items: Nothing new. Personal items: Spent the last winter in Florida with my family. Occupation: Attorney. Not in active practice now. State of health: Health not as good as I would like to have it. Haven't been at my office for six months and haven't practised law to amount to anything for several years.

May 1, 1915. Family items: Wife died about two years ago. Personal: Ethel Sharmon, stenographer, writes: "Mr. Stearns has been an invalid for several years, unable to come to his office and very weak and helpless."

Occupation: Retired.

STONE, JAMES KENT. 1911.

ON THE SEA—CROSSING THE LINE,

Feb. 24, 1911.

MY DEAR DR. DRIVER:—I have a debt to pay,—of thanks for your thoughtfulness and goodness in sending me the Class Report for the memorable year, 1910. I read and re-read it, studied it in fact, at Christmas time, and was not only interested, but deeply moved by the memories which it evoked. The account, in particular, of the Class dinner, and of the speeches, was very vivid. One fact was impressed upon me afresh, and more strongly than ever, viz., that the Class of 1860 owes more to its Secretary than it does to any other man. Would that I could have been present at your reunion!

For myself, I am now on my way to South America, where they have elected me Provincial of my Order once more, in my old age. I need not have accepted, of course, but I went very willingly. I was there once before, you know, from 1881 to 1893. I doubt now whether I shall ever return again to the States. My health, indeed, continues excellent,—in fact, I seem to have more energy than I possessed twenty years ago; but one can't keep this sort of thing up indefinitely, you know.

May God bless you, dear friend, and give you length of days and peace of heart and mind. My kind regards to your family, if perchance they remember me.

Ever affectionately yours,

FIDELIS, C. P.

My headquarters and address will be:—

Padres Pasionistas,  
3150 Calle Estados Unidos,  
Buenos Aires,  
Argentine Republic.

1912. MY DEAR DR. DRIVER:—So you want my "record" for the past year? I am so far away that I am afraid it will come late, as usual.

I have been working away, down here, never harder in my life, but it is work which, I am afraid, would not much interest you,—the mission work of our Order. I am what is termed Provincial,

that is, in charge down here. Last spring (our spring, your autumn) I was in Brazil, introducing our Brethren there. We succeeded in making two foundations, one in Sao Paulo, and the other in Curitiba, capital of the Estado de Parana. Brazil, by the way, is a magnificent country. I was also in Rome for a while on business of the Order. For the past three months I have been in the Province of Cordoba, in the interior, north of Buenos Aires, superintending the building of a new monastery, for our students.

My health is very good, thank God,—never better.

May God bless you, my dear friend, and give you length of days, and peace, and joy. I think you are quite wonderful, and again I say that the Class of 1860 is fortunate for having you for its Secretary.

Would write more, but am dreadfully busy.

I can scarcely believe that your letter from your summer home at Barre reached me so long ago,—four months and a few days over. I have been incessantly at work finishing up that new college and monastery up in the Sierras. It is a modest little affair, but it has cost me far more labor and trouble than the fine buildings we put up in Buenos Aires when I was here so many years ago. Well, the work is done now, thank God, and in a few days I expect to go southward to Buenos Aires and other places. My health continues very good, the active outdoor life agreeing with me. Your letter gave me much pleasure, and I was quite tickled at your calling me "My dear Kent." There is no one in this hemisphere who calls me *that!* And mighty few in the other now. May this find you well and happy, and may the New Year already begun bring you blessings every day.

September, 1914. MY DEAR DR. DRIVER:—I believe you are for a long time without news from me.

In January, 1911, (being then at Pittsburg, Pa.), I received word that I had been elected Provincial of our Argentine Province. You may remember that I labored here many years ago (1881-1893), and was instrumental in establishing our Order in this country and in Chile. Well, of course, I went at once, and have done what I trust was good work here. I have also, in the last three years, had the privilege and satisfaction of making good establishment of

the Order in the great and growing Republic of Brazil. Twice in these three years I have been to Rome on the business of these foundations. I also spent some time in Spain, visiting our Houses there. You see, dear friend, I have not been idle.

And now my work in Argentina is done, very happily finished, thank God, and I am going across the Andes to Chile and perhaps to Peru. My health continues good, thanks again to God. Of course, I can't expect to keep at it much longer, but "I must work while the day lasts."

A letter addressed: "Padres Pasionistas, Vina del Mar, Chile," will always be forwarded to me.

Accept my affectionate remembrance, and very best wishes.

PADRES PASIONISTAS,  
VINA DEL MAR,  
CHILE, S. AMERICA.

MY DEAR DR. DRIVER:—As the margin of time narrows down, I find myself thinking oftener of you, wondering what changes may have taken place, or whether I may live to see another Class Report. As for your dear self, may the Lord preserve you long, for you are the one link between the rest of us, whose ranks are thinning so fast.

Now for my own report. I came to South America in 1881, to labor for the establishment of our Religious Order in South America. The work was slow at first, but we have now a good number of foundations, all of which are centres of religious activity,—four in Argentine, two in Brazil, two in Chile, and two in Peru,—ten in all. Our first house in Chile was started in 1886, and has always remained my favorite foundation. Vina del Mar is a suburb of Valparaiso, and is beautifully situated on the Bay of the same name. I returned hither a few months ago, after working in many places; and here, it may be, I shall end my days. Not that I am ill,—on the contrary, my health continues remarkably good,—but we have got to stop *somewhere*! As Dr. Osler, the great Osler, once said to me: "My dear Father, you must remember that you are not so young as you *once* were!"

Thank you for your much prized letter of last October. I would

write you a *book* about South America if I could, but doubt whether I shall have the time.

Ever, my dear Dr. Driver,

Your faithful and devoted friend,

FATHER FIDELIS,

JAMES KENT STONE.

P. S. I lately came across the enclosed verses, which I wrote in this very spot some twenty-seven years ago, and I enclose them now to you, not only because you are a devotee of the Muse yourself, but because they will show you how I felt, and still continue to feel, toward this place. The word *Cordillera* has the accent on the penult, and the double *l* gives the syllable the sound of *yea*.

As ever,

F.

May 26, 1915.

## Summary

### DEATHS OF CLASSMATES.

#### GRADUATES.

Previously reported.....	64
George E. H. Abbott	Died August 24, 1911..... 1
Henry T. Allen	Died June 12, 1914..... 1
Frederic Wm. Batchelder	Died Oct. 11, 1911..... 1
Lane W. Brandon	Died Nov. 23, 1912..... 1
Thomas Burgess	Died Feb. 14, 1912..... 1
William Eliot Furness	Died July 19, 1913..... 1
James Haughton	Died Dec. 10, 1914..... 1
Frank Haseltine	Died July 18, 1910..... 1
Wesley O. Holway	Died March 26, 1915..... 1
Dr. Franklin Nickerson	Died Feb. 14, 1912..... 1
Hersey Goodwin Palfrey	Died April 6, 1911..... 1
Gen. Thomas Sherwin	Died Dec. 19, 1914..... 1
James B. F. Thomas	Died Sept. 10, 1914..... 1
Dr. Oliver F. Wadsworth	Died Nov. 29, 1911..... 1
Albert Blodgett Weymouth	Died Oct. 6, 1913..... 1
	79

#### TEMPORARY MEMBERS.

Previously reported.....	26
Deaths, last five years.....	0
Total.....	105

### DEATHS OF RELATIVES.

A sister of Humphreys died Feb. 17, 1915, May Blake Lewis.  
 The wife of Henry S. Mackintosh died April 5, 1915.  
 Nickerson's father died June, 1913.  
 Wife of James Henry Stearns died March 17, 1911.  
 Edward Johnson's son-in-law, Curtis Guild, died April 6, 1915.  
 Leland's sister died, 1913.

## MARRIAGES OF CLASSMATES.

None.

## MARRIAGES OF CHILDREN.

Luther Fernald was married April 19, 1911, to Harriet Furness.

Richard Haughton married to Marie Voight, Philadelphia, May 1, 1914.

Scott, son, Henry B. Scott, married May 28, 1910, to Mary Peabody Derby.

Scott, son, Christopher B. Scott, married June 25, 1910, Julia Reichman.

Weld, S. M., son, Philip B., married Nov. 2, 1912, to Katharine Saltonstall.

Mary Balch, daughter of David Balch, married June 14, 1913, Rev. Paul Jones.

## BIRTHS OF GRANDCHILDREN.

Fernald. 1912. Born, a daughter to my third son.

Fernald. 1914. Daughter born to my son Henry T.

Fernald. 1914. Daughter born to my son Luther D.

Furness. Grandchild born Nov. 2, 1911.

Scott, Harry B. Richard Cranch Scott, born June 10, 1910.

Scott, Harry B. 1912. Two grandchildren, Abigail Adams and Bruce Chandon.

Scott, Harry B. 1913. Two new grandchildren.

Scott, Harry B. 1914. Nine grandchildren in all.

Scott, Harry B. 1915. Two new grandchildren, Josephine, Portland, Oregon; Elizabeth Lincoln, Portland, Maine. Eleven in all, six girls, five boys.

Towle. April 4, 1913, to son, Warren Ladd Towle.

S. M. Weld. April 28, 1911, to Rudolph Weld, a daughter.

S. M. Weld. To son, Philip B., a daughter, Sept., 1913.

S. M. Weld. To son, Philip B., a son, Dec. 11, 1914.

## NOTES OF THE CLASS.

There have been 350 children born to the Class of 1860, 140 females, 196 males, sex of rest, 14 in number, unknown to the Secretary. Two members have lost wives; 14 births of grandchildren

reported; of our remaining members, five are lawyers, 11 business men, five are doctors, nine ministers, six men of leisure, one is a professor, one a librarian. So far the ministers win. All do what they can. No drones in the Class of Sixty.

### CLASS MEETING AT HOLWORTHY 2.

JUNE 28, 1911.

Class called to order at just 12.15 P. M. On motion of Sherwin, Edward Johnson was chosen to preside. The first business was the reading of deaths during the year. The Class has lost two (2): Frank Hazeltine died July 18th, 1910, in Philadelphia at his home, 1825 Walnut Street. He wrote, June 25th, "I hope you will sing the Class song with great enthusiasm; it contains so many noble sentiments and desires."

Henry Gordon Palfrey died in Boston, April 6th, 1911, of disease of the bladder. He made a notable record in the Civil War.

The Class numbers 44 graduates and nine temporary members.

The Secretary has received 48 replies to his circulars out of a possible 53.

Then the Treasurer's report for the last year was read and heartily approved on its excellent showing for the Jubilee year. It is herewith appended.

The Secretary read his report on the new Weymouth Fund. He received \$365.00, and sent \$45.00 to Bishop Restarick to bring Weymouth's stipend up to July 1, 1911, leaving a balance of \$320.00, which will carry him through to 1913.

This was approved, and then the meeting voted that Sherwin and Weld write a letter to friends of Hazeltine, and Spaulding and Fiske write to the family of Palfrey.

The meeting voted to adjourn.

Then the Class in a body visited the Class of 1861 at Phillips Brooks House.

STEPHEN WM. DRIVER,

*Secretary.*

# SUMMARY

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## CLASS OF 1860

*In account with Thomas Sherwin, Treasurer, June 28, 1911:*

CR.

1909

By cash in bank, as per last account, June 25, 1910..	\$1,631 76
Received dividends, Amalgamated Copper Company, August 30, 1910, \$4.00; Nov. 28, 1910, \$4.00; February 28, 1911, \$4.00; May 29, 1911, \$4.00.....	16 00
Interest on deposit to December 31, 1910.....	7 73
Subscription for Commencement Expenses.....	10 00

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\$1,665 49

DR.

1910

June 27.	Paid Stephen Wm. Driver, Secretary's Expenses. . . . .	\$60 25
27.	Paid Edward W. Wheeler, dinner menus	14 75
28.	Paid Powell Printing Co., class songs..	5 00
30.	Paid Hotel Vendome, Class Dinner...	176 85
July 6.	Paid <i>Boston Daily Advertiser</i> , notices..	3 00
7.	Paid H. C. Daggett, orchestra.....	65 00
7.	Paid W. B. Clarke Co., reception tickets	5 48
8.	Paid John Barthleme, luncheon, Brooks House. . . . .	480 30
14.	Paid <i>Boston Transcript</i> , notices.....	1 50
15.	Paid J. L. Weinberg, stenographer....	7 50
20.	Paid S. W. Driver for N. J. Carpenter, stenographer. . . . .	25 00
Aug. 16.	Paid John H. Thurston, photo repro- duction. . . . .	13 11
Sept. 16.	Paid Edw. W. Wheeler, printing.....	16 41
Nov. 17.	Paid Bank charges on two checks.....	20
Dec. 3.	Paid Jennie C. Spooner, printing Sec- retary's Report . . . . .	265 00

1911

June 28. Balance in Bank..... 526 14

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\$1,665 49

Assets: Cash as above, \$526.14.

Eight shares Amalgamated Copper Company.

Respectfully submitted,

THOMAS SHERWIN,

*Treasurer.*

June 28, 1911.

MEMBERS PRESENT AT CLASS MEETING AT  
HOLWORTHY 2,

JUNE 28, 1911.

Wesley O. Holway	Cambridge, Mass.
Stephen Wm. Driver	Cambridge, Mass.
Henry Hinckley	Cambridge, Mass.
Nelson J. Wheeler,	Providence, R. I.
George H. Whittemore	Cambridge, Mass.
Henry D. Atwood	Taunton, Mass.
Silas D. Presbrey	Taunton, Mass.
Henry Freeman Allen	Florence, Italy
Isaac H. Hazelton	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Arthur May Knapp	Brookline, Mass.
Henry G. Spaulding	Brookline, Mass.
Thomas Sherwin	Boston, Mass.
Charles H. Fiske	Weston, Mass.
Daniel T. S. Leland	Boston, Mass.
Jas. B. F. Thomas	Boston, Mass.
Edward C. Johnson	Boston, Mass.

CLASS MEETING AT HOLWORTHY 2,

JUNE 20, 1912.

Meeting called to order 12 M.

Weld chosen Chairman.

Reading of last report dispensed with, Dr. Driver read report of deaths in 1911-12. G. E. H. Abbot died August 4, 1911, in

Groton. Thomas Burgess died at Pau, France, Feb. 14, 1912, of heart failure, same day as Nickerson. Frederic W. Batchelder died of a stroke, October 11, 1911, in Manchester, N. H. Franklin Nickerson died at Lowell, Feb. 14, 1912, of angina pectoris. Oliver F. Wadsworth died Nov. 29, 1911, in Boston, of cancer. (S. W. Driver wrote to family.)

The below named men were appointed to write letters of sympathy to families of deceased Classmates:

Abbot's family—S. W. Driver.

Burgess' family—Thomas Sherwin.

Mrs. Batchelder—Henry G. Spaulding.

Nickerson's family—C. W. Swan (Driver wrote).

Wadsworth's family—Ed. Johnson (S. W. Driver wrote).

Report of Treasurer was read and accepted.

Meeting adjourned at 12.30 P. M.

STEPHEN WM. DRIVER,

*Secretary.*

### CLASS OF 1860.

*In account with Thomas Sherwin, Treasurer, June 20, 1912:*

CR.

By cash in Bank, as per last account, June 28, 1911..	\$526 14
Received Dividends, Amalgamated Copper Company, August 30, 1911, \$4.00; November 27, 1911, \$4.00; February 26, 1912, \$4.00; May 27, 1912, \$8.00. ....	20 00
Bank interest, June 30, 1911, \$4.99; December 11, 1911, \$.84. ....	5 83
	<hr/>
	\$551 97

DR.

1911

July 8.	Paid Stephen W. Driver, Secretary's Expenses. ....	\$25 40
	8. Paid <i>Boston Advertiser</i> , Class notice...	2 63
	19. Paid J. P. Belcher & Co., Class spread	18 00
Aug. 2.	Paid <i>Boston Transcript</i> , Class notice..	1 50

1912

June 20. Balance in Bank..... 504 44

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\$551 97

Assets: Cash as above \$504.44.

Eight shares Amalgamated Copper Company.

Respectfully submitted,

THOMAS SHERWIN,

*Treasurer.*

June 20, 1912.

# MEMBERS PRESENT AT CLASS MEETING AT HOLWORTHY 2,

JUNE 20, 1912.

Stephen Wm. Driver	Cambridge, Mass.
Wesley O. Holway	Cambridge, Mass.
Henry Hinckley	Cambridge, Mass.
Nelson J. Wheeler	Providence, R. I.
Henry G. Spaulding	Brookline, Mass.
Samuel G. Webber	Brookline, Mass.
Thomas Sherwin	Boston, Mass.
Charles H. Fiske	Weston, Mass.
J. B. F. Thomas	Boston, Mass.
Daniel T. S. Leland	Boston, Mass.
Stephen M. Weld	Dedham, Mass.
George H. Whittemore	Cambridge, Mass.

# CLASS MEETING AT HOLWORTHY 2,

JUNE 19, 1913.

Meeting called to order by Ed. Johnson at 12 M.

Report of June 20, 1912, read and approved. Secretary reported one death during the year. Lane W. Brandon died Nov. 24, 1912, of Bright's disease in New Orleans. Obituary notice in *Graduates' Magazine* for March, 1914. Secretary reported new Weymouth Fund.

Old Fund balance..... \$25 00

# SUMMARY

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Gifts from 27 members.....	464 00
	<hr/>
	\$489 00
Less check in March to Weymouth.....	\$45 00
Less check May 16th to Weymouth.....	60 00
	<hr/>
	\$105 00
Balance.....	384 00
	<hr/>
	\$489 00

General Sherwin read report of Treasurer, accepted and here appended.

At suggestion of Johnson, Fiske was appointed to write a letter to Brandon's family, bearing the sympathy of the Class.

At 12.15 the Class meeting adjourned.

STEPHEN WM. DRIVER,  
Secretary.

## CLASS OF 1860.

*In account with Thomas Sherwin, Treasurer, June 18, 1913:*

CR.

By cash in Bank, as per last account, June 20, 1912..	\$504 44
Received Dividends, Amalgamated Copper Company, August 26, 1912, \$8.00; November 25, 1912, \$12.00; February 25, 1913, \$12.00; May 27, 1913, \$12.00; Bank interest \$.66.....	44 66
	<hr/>
	\$549 10

DR.

1912		
June 22.	Paid <i>Boston Transcript</i> .....	\$1 75
26.	Paid Stephen W. Driver, Secretary's Expenses. . . . .	22 84
July 10.	Paid <i>Boston Daily Advertiser</i> .....	3 50
10.	Paid J. W. Belcher & Co. for spread..	10 00

1913

June 18. Balance in Bank. . . . . 511 01

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\$549 10

Assets: Cash as above \$511.01.

Eight shares Amalgamated Copper Company.

Respectfully submitted,

THOMAS SHERWIN,

*Treasurer.*

June 15, 1913.

# MEMBERS PRESENT AT CLASS MEETING AT HOLWORTHY 2,

JUNE 19, 1913.

Stephen Wm. Driver	Cambridge, Mass.
George H. Whittemore	Cambridge, Mass.
Henry Hinckley	Cambridge, Mass.
Isaac H. Hazelton	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Wesley O. Holway	Watertown, Mass.
Myron A. Munson	New Haven, Conn.
Daniel T. S. Leland	Boston, Mass.
Henry Freeman Allen	Florence, Italy
Charles H. Fiske	Weston, Mass.
H. G. Spaulding	Brookline, Mass.
Edward C. Johnson	Boston, Mass.
James B. F. Thomas	Boston, Mass.
Thomas Sherwin	Boston, Mass.
S. M. Weld	Wareham, Mass.
W. C. Gannett	Rochester, N. Y.
Edmund Wetmore	Per Secretary
G. E. Adams	Per Secretary
S. G. Webber	Per Secretary

# CLASS MEETING AT HOLWORTHY 2,

JUNE 18, 1914.

Meeting called to order at 12.15. General Thomas Sherwin appointed Temporary President.

Report of meeting of 1913 read and approved.

Statistics: Four graduates have died, no temporary members, unless Brown, who has not been heard from in two years.

Thirty-four graduates and nine temporary members left.

Have had replies from circular letter from 33 out of 43 members.

William Eliot Furness, born Aug. 21, 1839, died at Great Spruce Head, Maine, July 19, 1913. Had a stroke some months before his death.

Albert Blodgett Weymouth, born in Chelsea, Mass., March 18, 1839, died at Lahaina, Hawaii, Oct. 6, 1913, of phthisis.

Calvin Milton Woodward, born Aug. 26, 1837, at Fitchburg, Mass., died at St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 12, 1914, of apoplexy.

Rev. Henry F. Allen died in Boston, June 12, 1914. Just arrived from Italy; was recovering from pneumonia. Fell unconscious as he walked the floor.

#### REPORT OF WEYMOUTH FUND.

Balance, last report.....	\$384 00
Check sent to Bishop Restarick for half—Sept., Oct. and Nov. ....	75 00
	<hr/>
Balance on hand.....	\$309 00

Class voted that the Secretary have power to purchase a headstone and turn over the balance to the Treasurer.

Class voted to approve expenditure for flowers at Allen's funeral.

Class voted that Rev. Henry G. Spaulding write letter of condolence to the families of the four men: Furness, Weymouth, Woodward and Allen.

Report of the Treasurer read and approved. Here appended.

Meeting adjourned at 12.45 P. M., 12 men present at various times.

STEPHEN WM. DRIVER,

*Secretary.*

## CLASS OF 1860.

*In account with Thomas Sherwin, Treasurer, June 18, 1914:*

## CR.

By cash in bank, as per last account, June 15, 1913..	\$511 01
Received Dividends, Amalgamated Copper Company, August 28, 1913, \$12; November 24, 1913, \$12; Bank interest, 60 cents; February 25, 1914, \$12; May 25, 1914, \$12.....	48 60
	<hr/>
	\$559 61

## DR.

1913	
June 25. Paid <i>Boston Transcript</i> .....	\$1 75
July 3. Paid Stephen W. Driver, Secretary's Expenses. ....	21 70
9. Paid <i>Boston Daily Advertiser</i> .....	3 50
9. Paid J. P. Belcher & Co. for spread..	10 00
	<hr/>
	\$36 95
1914	
June 18. Balance in Bank.....	\$522 66
	<hr/>
	\$559 61

Assets: Cash as above, \$522.66.

Eight shares Amalgamated Copper Company.

Respectfully submitted,

THOMAS SHERWIN,

*Treasurer.*

June 18, 1914.

MEMBERS PRESENT AT CLASS MEETING AT  
HOLWORTHY 2,

JUNE 18, 1914.

Stephen Wm. Driver  
Nelson J. Wheeler  
George E. Adams

Cambridge, Mass.  
Providence, R. I.  
Chicago, Ill.

George H. Whittemore	Cambridge, Mass.
Isaac H. Hazelton	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Wesley O. Holway	Watertown, Mass.
Henry G. Spaulding	Brookline, Mass.
Henry Hinckley	Cambridge, Mass.
Daniel T. S. Leland	Boston, Mass.
Charles H. Fiske	Weston, Mass.
Edward C. Johnson	Boston, Mass.
Thomas Sherwin	Boston, Mass.
Samuel G. Webber	Brookline, Mass.
S. M. Weld	Wareham, Mass.

## CLASS MEETING AT HOLWORTHY 2,

JUNE 24, 1915.

At 12.15 P. M. the Class was called to order; ten members were present. On motion of Fiske, Johnson was chosen President *pro tem*. As the first business, Thomas Sherwin's Treasury report, as given by his wife, was taken up. Johnson had no detailed report, but it will come later. On motion of Fiske, Stephen M. Weld was chosen Treasurer and the Sherwin business is left in his hands.

I have this night forwarded to Weld a copy of the Class vote creating him Treasurer.—[SEC.]

The next matter was reading statistics of the Class. Since last Commencement we have lost four members:

James B. T. Thomas, died June 10, 1914.

Rev. James Henry Haughton, died Dec. 10, 1914.

Gen. Thomas Sherwin, died Dec. 19, 1914.

Rev. Wesley Holway, died March 26, 1915.

Thirty graduates are left.

Seven temporary members are left.

Twenty-eight graduates have replied to circular letters.

Six temporary members have replied. Both Elder and Brown have written letters.

Thirty-eight members have subscribed to the new fund for Class Book and Dinner, \$257.00.

Johnson appointed Charles H. Humphreys and Henry G. Spaulding to write letters of sympathy from the Class to the families of Thomas, Haughton, Sherwin and Holway.

The Secretary sent in his report on the Weymouth fund and the Class Dinner and Class Book Fund, which was approved by Class vote. It was then voted that, as Weymouth was dead, both funds be entrusted to the Treasurer to be used for the Class Dinner and Class Book expenses.

The report of those funds is appended.

At 12.40 the meeting was adjourned.

STEPHEN WM. DRIVER,

*Secretary.*

WEYMOUTH FUND, JULY, 1913.

New fund, plus old fund balance, \$25.00.....	\$444 00
To Henry B. Restarick, May 16, for May and June	60 00
	<hr/>
	\$384 00
Henry B. Restarick, Sept. 17, 1913, for half—Sep- tember, October and November.....	\$75 00
	<hr/>
	\$309 00
Henry B. Restarick, Aug. 11, 1914, for headstone..	\$150 00
	<hr/>
	\$159 00
New book and Sherwin's flowers.....	\$12 00
Harvard Bulletin .....	3 00
Stationery. . . . .	60
	<hr/>
	\$15 60
	<hr/>
	\$143 40
April 14, flowers for Holway.....	\$10 00
	<hr/>
	\$133 40
Classmates' subscription, 1915.....	\$245 00
	<hr/>
	\$378 40
Interest. . . . .	8 11
	<hr/>
	\$386 51

# SUMMARY

107

Fernald. . . . .	\$5 00	
Whittemore. . . . .	5 00	
Wheeler. . . . .	2 00	
		<hr/>
		\$12 00
		<hr/>
		\$398 51
Charles Fiske. . . . .	\$5 00	
		<hr/>
		\$403 51

Sent to Stephen M. Weld, June 28.

## MEMBERS PRESENT AT CLASS MEETING AT HOLWORTHY 2, JUNE 24, 1915.

Stephen Wm. Driver	Cambridge, Mass.
George E. Adams	Chicago, Ill.
James A. Towle	New York City
George H. Whittemore	Cambridge, Mass.
Myron A. Munson	New Haven, Conn.
Henry Hinckley	Cambridge, Mass.
Nelson J. Wheeler	Providence, R. I.
Henry G. Spaulding	Brookline, Mass.
Stephen M. Weld	Wareham, Mass.
Charles H. Fiske	Weston, Mass.
Isaac H. Hazelton	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Daniel T. S. Leland	Boston, Mass.
Charles A. Humphreys	Dorchester, Mass.
C. Alex. Nelson	New York City

## HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON,

JUNE 23, 1915, 2 P. M.

### PRESENT:

Adams, George E.	Chicago, Ill.
Bowman, Selwyn Z.	Cohasset, Mass.
Driver, Stephen William	Cambridge, Mass.
Fiske, Charles H.	Weston, Mass.
Gannett, William C.	Rochester, N. Y.
Hazelton, Isaac H.	Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Hinckley, Henry	Cambridge, Mass.
Humphreys, Charles A.	Dorchester, Mass.
Hunnewell, F. W.	Wellesley, Mass.
Johnson, Edward	Boston, Mass.
Knapp, Arthur M.	Boston, Mass.
Leland, Daniel T. S.	Boston, Mass.
Morse, John Torrey	Boston, Mass.
Munson, Myron A.	New Haven, Conn.
Nelson C. Alexander	New York City
Presbrey, Silas D.	Taunton, Mass.
Spaulding, Henry George	Boston, Mass.
Towle, James A.	New York City
Webber, Samuel G.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Weld, Stephen M.	Boston, Mass.
Wheeler, Nelson J.	Providence, R. I.
Whittemore, George H.	Cambridge, Mass.

DR. STEPHEN WILLIAM DRIVER, PRESIDING.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Reverend Charles Humphreys, Chaplain of the Class of 1860, will ask the blessing.

MR. HUMPHREYS: Dear Father of us all, we Thy children would thank Thee that we have been able to come together once more, still rejoicing in Thy loving care, still clinging to our classmates who yet survive in the battle of life, still ready to set out on any new enterprise for which Thou shalt give us the strength, and still resolved to return *with* our shields or *on* them. We pray for those who cannot be with us today by reason of disability. May they endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and remember that they sometimes serve who only stand and wait.

And now, Father, we thank Thee for the kindly fruits of the earth which Thou dost give for our sustenance here, and may they be transformed by our fidelities into the fruits of the tree of life that shall sustain us in our everlasting pilgrimage. Amen.

On motion of a member, the "Class Song"—Harvard, 1860, by Stephen William Driver, was sung:

We're a band of foster-brothers, gathered here from every land;  
If at first we were but strangers, now united here we stand.  
Let us Classmates be forever, let our love perish never

Pleasant years we spend together, while we change from boys to men;  
Manly sports and earnest labor, merry mischief now and then.

Side by side we've sought for honor, sought the front in every fray;  
Toiling, sporting, this our watchword: "Here comes Sixty, clear the way!"

Wasting years may thin our numbers, till a failing few remain;  
Thrilling hearts and faltering voices then shall raise our old refrain.

## CHORUS.

"When we're parted, stick together," heart to heart, bold and true.  
Never fear, then, for Sixty! give a cheer, then, for Sixty!  
Meet the world bravely, Sixty! Forward, hearts bold and true!

THE CHAIRMAN: I wish to announce that there are thirty survivors among the graduates of 1860 and nine temporary members. We have lost fifteen men since the last quinquennial dinner. A hundred and ten men were graduated in 1860, twelve of whom were killed in the war—that does not include the Southerners that were killed. We are *the* soldier class of Harvard. We were over seventy in the Army and Navy at one time. We have lost every man who was in the Confederate Army. Every Confederate officer we had, whether temporary man or permanent member, is gone. Fifteen of our thirty men who are living were connected with the Union Army.

Classmates, it has been suggested that we allow some man to speak while some others eat ice cream. We are very glad to see so many of you. About all those we expected are here.

It might be well, when so far along our lives' road, to look back and estimate what Harvard has done for us in making our measure of success. I call first upon a man who has been practised in legislation and in teaching and has been in the Congress of the United States. He has also been a member of the Board of Overseers, and is an expert oarsman, who knows the advantage of getting the nose of his boat ahead in the first few strokes, and I give him a chance to make a start and then he can eat his ice cream while some other man is improving the time. I will call on George E. Adams—and you will have five minutes, Adams.

MR. ADAMS: His voice is something like his handwriting, you know. (Laughter.)

Gentlemen, actually he expects me to make a speech. I feel as if someone said, "He is going to talk now!" I do not know that I ever did develop the habit of public speaking. I am sure I never had much of a knack at it; I have lost the knack and the habit, if I did ever have them.

I do not know how it is expected that a fifty-five year old graduate would look upon things or would express his ideas. It is a new experience to all of us. None of us has been a fifty-five year old Harvard graduate before. (Laughter.)

I think the average man would suppose that our business was to look back upon the Harvard of our own time and say how much better it was then than the Harvard of today. I doubt whether there is any one of us twenty fellows gathered here that is inclined that way. For my part I look before—I look forward to the Harvard of the future, and then—even upon the Harvard of the past, and I never feel like saying or thinking that Harvard in the fifty-five years that have been and gone has lost more than it gained. Some things it has lost. It has lost, I think, in that—. Of course, there has always been a great controversy as to what the purpose of a college education is. It did not seem to us when we were younger that the object of the Harvard education in our days was to give a liberal education. It was not, strictly speaking, a vocational education, and of late years it seems as if the Harvard curriculums have been driving into the vocational life. Of course, in one sense it has always been a vocational institution, for it began as a preparatory school for the divinity—of theology, and even in our times, it was supposed to be fully available to those who intended to devote their lives to what was then called the three learned professions.

Now we know there are, instead of three learned professions, thirty or forty, and maybe there is no liberal education that would not be a vocational education, strictly so speaking. I remember in an Overseers' meeting when we were discussing the Greek of a Harvard curriculum—I remember the pathos with which Senator Hall insisted that he never could forget the benefit which he, as a public man and lawyer, had derived from the study of Greek. I think at that time

he had written a translation of the *Alcestes*: and just then he heard that Dr. Gerard had prepared a translation; and then he thought that his must be inferior, and suppressed it. But I do not know whether that is actually true or not, but I have heard that. I am more interested in the religion of the undergraduates of the nations at large.

As it was seen in our time and as it is seen today, I suppose Harvard College itself had an enormous beneficial influence upon the nation, simply because so many young men living in Massachusetts, born here, residing here, and going to college here, had then moved West; but since our time it has become in an additional sense so much more of a national institution than it was then. I think the influence of Harvard, of course, upon the country at large is due largely to the personal interest which graduates take in the welfare of the institution, and up to our times, that interest was largely the interest depending on such class feeling as has brought us together today and brought us together so many times before, and that intense class feeling is common of the past. It is passing away or has passed away. It is a feeling that belongs to a small class, and cannot belong to any but the small class.

THE CHAIRMAN: Adams, is not it going to help you to have all this freshman class recruiting here together?

MR. ADAMS: I think that is an admirable institution.

A MEMBER: The President whispers "five minutes."

MR. ADAMS: I am very glad to hear it. I did not even hear the entire introductory remarks. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: Willie C. Gannett is a cunning artificer and can group Fernald's words in most lovely companionship for the holding and the treasuring of beautiful thoughts—Gannett!—you have three minutes.

MR. GANNETT: You want me to say something? Although everybody ought to have something the matter with him when he is seventy to seventy-five—my matter is that I cannot hear the fun that is going on. It is a very small thing, however, but I did not know the Chairman was calling on me.

THE CHAIRMAN: We are calling only on the eloquent ones to talk. You are one of them.

MR. GANNETT: As I have been sitting here, not hearing, I could not help thinking, and I thought of two or three things: I wondered whether to all of you growing old it had been, as it has been to me, as pleasant a thing. People sometimes would come to me—I wonder if they have to you, and begin by saying to me: "How young you look," "You are so young," how young you seem to feel—and all that. And I feel that all that talk is just bluff, and that it is a pleasant, really natural thing to grow old and to be old just as it was in our college days a pleasant and glorious sort of thing to be young. I wondered if your experience is like that. And I wondered how you answer the question, which I suppose comes to you—because it comes to me very often, from men about forty years old or fifty years old. They meet you and say: "Well, Gannett, what are you doing *now*?" Of course, that implies that they know I cannot be doing much, but on the whole I rather like the question, because it also implies that they take it for granted that I am trying to do something. So, on the whole, I rather like the question. But what is your answer to it? Has anybody got a good formula to answer that question? I find myself more and more answering in this way: "What are you doing, Mr. Gannett?"—"O, little nothings, and thanking and wondering." I really think that if now, at the end of seventy-five years, I were asked to talk about "What are you doing now?" those three points would about tell the truth—little nothings, thanking, wondering.

I came by the college yard this morning and saw the old elms, those remnants of the things that were glorious in our young days, when I noticed that some of these old elms were doing their very best—greening still at the top, and the men were actually cutting down the old branches; and there at the top some green leaves were sprouting out—little nothings, but doing some things.

I hope we are all answering that we are thanking and thanking. Are you all doing that? Are we all doing that? Thanking for what? Why, for the seventy-five years, of course; for the things that the seventy-five years have held; for the fact that we have been living in these last seventy-five years in the world's history, in the

American history, for the fact that it has been our privilege to live in the last sixty or seventy years of the new born nation. Thanking for that, thanking, in spite of all the strain of the years and all the tragedy of the years, thanking for that, thanking that even we have lived to see this great tragedy of human history in which we are living now.

If I should put in one more word than I am doing, I would say that I am envying my own—envying my own boy, my own girl, that they are going to take part in a greater era probably of human history than even we have been living in, envying them for the little that they will add to the good of the world, through their fifty or sixty or seventy-five years. And then wondering and wondering and wondering and trusting and trusting—assured—yes, assured, not knowing, but looking into that invisible way so many of us have gone—and wondering, wondering, hoping for some greater surprise—new life, new power; new chance to work and to be young and to be old and of service. So more firmly when a man asks me, "How are you, how are you doing, Gannett?" then I say, "O, little nothings, thinking, envying, wondering!"—how is it with you? (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: The man who graduated at the head of the greatest class up to that time, and had the great honor of being its first secretary, still retains his bodily and mental vigor. He will tell you how a Harvard education opened the way to all his honors—Reverend Henry G. Spaulding.

MR. SPAULDING: Gentlemen, I am so glad to see so many of you present. Last time our good secretary was moderator, he did not speak of my senility. I hope you will not be averse to hearing me read what I have put in verse:

Five and fifty years have flown  
Since Fair Harvard's "Soldier Class"  
Left its college life outgrown,  
Into life itself to pass.  
Years to us seem now as days,  
On swift wings old Time has fled;  
While the world's bewildering maze  
Round and round our souls has led.

Some have college honors won,  
Some have only their A. B.;  
Not tonight what we have done,  
What we are is all we see.

Men of '60, that's our claim,  
Who have bravely met our fate;  
Toiling not for wealth or fame,  
Ours, the love that conquers hate.

Ours, the lives for service strong,  
Ours, to add to human weal,  
Ours, the good life to prolong,  
Ours, to make the honest deal.

Classmates: time is left us still  
Much to do for others' good;  
We, the men of friendly will,  
With the Harvard zeal imbued.

(Applause.)

I do not know how many of you read the novels of the day. In a widely read popular novel by Winston Churchill, some hundred pages are given to a life of an undergraduate of Harvard. I do not know of any book in American fiction that devotes so much space to the life of a Harvard undergraduate. One day Winston Churchill looked at the Shaw memorial and looked in wonder on the pediment on the black faces, with a son of Harvard leading them on to the great battle, fought in order that light and love might prevail. Of course, that Harvard graduate was Bob Shaw.—I see the Doctor is impatient, but I will soon be through.—I shall never forget seeing Bob Shaw. I happened to be in Boston when he was at the head of the regiment that he led—the first colored regiment that was enlisted in Massachusetts: and seeing me on the sidewalk in the crowd, as Shaw marched along, there was the sweetest smile on his face and he gave me the military salute. I shall forget a great many things, fellows, but never, never shall I forget that. Last of all I greet you with this verse:

Dear Classmates, once upon a time,  
Our Doctor Holmes, who well could rhyme,  
Gave to his Harvard Class a song,  
Which still we read our whole life long;  
The song which you and I well know,  
The Harvard song of "Bill and Joe."

We, too, like Holmes, when here we meet,  
No longer sitting in the seat,  
On "Timmy's" bench or "Topy's" nook,  
Or Lovering's, where we read the book,  
Can sing the song we all well know,  
The dear old song of "Bill and Joe."

And like our Holmes, we, too, can say  
That as our years still glide away,  
We think of honors, titles, fame,  
As little better than a name;  
For all through life we're greeting still  
Our dear old Joe, our dear old Bill.

We may not call them Bill and Joe,  
But Steve and Ned we surely know;  
One Steve who gave the Class Day song,  
One Ned who rules the Harvard throng;  
When all is done, and all is said,  
We have our Steve, we have our Ned.

We have our Steve, he's Weld-ed strong!  
Our Ned we have, and have had long;  
And if you go to Hovey's store,  
He'll take your dollars, o'er and o'er;  
So here tonight, where each receives,  
We have our Neds, we have our Steves.

We've had our Toms; one said his say  
Long, long ago, on our Class-day;  
The other lately went to rest,  
The badge of '60 on his breast;  
He's gone from us, tonight we'll say,  
We'll join you, Tom, some future day.

We've lost our "Timmy," good and true,  
But ere he went, he thought of you,  
And to his loved ones round his bed  
He almost every day had said:  
"How glad I am that once I, too,  
Met the dear Classmates whom I knew."

We've other names like "Bill and Joe,"  
 I'll give you some, though all you know:  
 "G. E.," "H. G.," and once "H. A.,"  
 But Clapp is now far, far away;  
 These names and many others still  
 Are what we call our Joe and Bill.

We've Knapp, and Morse, and Hinckley, DEE;  
 We've Charley, Frank and "Harry B.,"  
 Our "Biddy"'s gone, but Shippen's Joe,  
 Our "Pres." and Gannett, too, we know;  
 At other names our pulse yet thrills,  
 Our Sixty's Joes, our Sixty's Bills.

And so we'll sing our Sixty song;  
 The music we will loud prolong;  
 For, when all's said and all is done,  
 When nothing has been wrongly won,  
 All "bold and true" we'll "forward" go,  
 Like Holmes's Bill, like Holmes's Joe.

(Applause.)

And now, Mr. Secretary, on behalf of your classmates, I wish to give you something. First of all, I shall give you a silver bowl for your flowers. Your classmates remember very well that in your Cambridge home, and also in your country place at Barre, you have a great many flowers. This silver dish is a silver dish for flowers and you will also see that it is properly inscribed. The inscription is for you to read. We, your classmates, have never expected to pay you for your services for the last twenty-two years. Nothing we could give you would pay you, but we know we can give you, as we do, here, this token of our gratitude and esteem. Up to the present time, my dear man, you have won golden opinions from your class. Now you won something else, more like—gold. Don't, when those golds fly away, ever forget, but remember, that it is a token of the affection and esteem of your Harvard classmates of '60.

Here Class sang a verse of the Class Song.

DR. DRIVER: I am surprised and yet I am not surprised: I could not be surprised at any noble and generous act that the Class of 1860 might do. I did not need anything from the class to show its regard, or for compensation. The pleasure and honor of the work

has been a constant return and has been my inspiration in all my life-work.

In 1861, on the barren sands of Ship Island, caring for all the sick and forlorn, if I would falter it would come to me: "Meet the world bravely, Sixty, forward hearts." In hurricane storm and shipwrecking tempest, I heard these words: "Whoso dwelleth under the defense of the Most High shall abide in the shadows of the Almighty," and, "Never fear, then, for Sixty."

Later, when laboring in my own field, riding at midnight in a howling snow gale, bareheaded and without saddle, to attend one of the fairest of women, dying with that hideous disfiguration, confluent smallpox, there came the words of my class, even as on the battlefield—"Forward, hearts, bold and true." And so it has been and will be, consecrated by the gift of your loving bowl, which I shall consider one of the most precious things I possess, and your service—an inspiration to the end. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: The next person that I will call upon is one by the name of Hunnewell, whose silence has always been so eloquent in well-doing.

MR. HUNNEWELL: I am not a speechmaker, as you know. I am delighted to be with you again, and hope we can be here five years from now—and that comes within the three minutes, too. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: Three minutes for the Honorable Selwyn Z. Bowman. We would like to ask him whether he would have held a political power of just as high an order if he had been an uneducated man.

MR. BOWMAN: The best part of your speech, in which you were kind enough to introduce me, was the commencing statement that three minutes only would be required. Chesley used to be one of our great after-dinner speakers, some of those here would remember him, and he used to say that at a banquet when he saw a man pitching in and enjoying himself, and enjoying his viands—he knew he had not got to make a speech. But if he saw a man making believe to eat, and toying with his victuals and with an anxious ex-

pression on his face, and no smiles, he knew *he* was booked for a speech.

I thought I was not booked for a speech tonight—this afternoon. And I thought it was a very wise suggestion, by the way, of the Chairman, that we should now have our dinners in the afternoon. We are getting so old that we ought to be home early in the evening. I was interested in Brother Gannett's remarks, because I had felt the same thing in which he wondered how we all felt and about how our minds worked. Perhaps it is a matter of temperament. Now, we have got to be, what we might call ourselves, old men. We may believe we are young. We try to think we are. We try to think we are as jolly as we were on our fifth anniversary, but really we know that we are old men. I don't feel as Gannett does—wish he had the future before him and could see and be a part of the great events which are apparently coming. I feel entirely differently. I feel that I am glad that I am old. I feel that I pity the next generation when I think of the tremendous problems they have got to solve. I have worked hard all my life, I am in the harness today. I feel that I want to put off the harness. I have tried to live up to the traditions of the Class of '60 as expressed in the song. I am tired—I want a rest. I want to get out of it. I am trying to get out of it, and I am glad that I am not ten years younger, or twenty or thirty, because I feel that we all have earned our right to a rest. There must be some time given when we can have fun and get rid of anxiety and trouble, and if we are ever going to do it, now is the time. And who, ever, in our younger days—a few years ago—who ever would have dreamed—in the wildest dreams of delirium tremens—that the question would ever be even considered whether these United States would remain a United States or might possibly become a German province?—or that these vast questions would ever come up. And the question such as whether one nation of Europe could possibly rule all the other nations. Yet the whole world is trembling today—the whole civilized world is in actual fear and almost in a panic for fear that a semi-barbarous savage nation will really control the whole of Europe, and we—all of us, feel, I think, that if that thing that now seems impossible—which we try to make ourselves believe impossible—yet I think we all have a sneaking fear, perhaps more than a sneaking fear at the bottom of our hearts—that if that

nation of malicious savages does control Europe, we may perhaps have to say goodbye to the United States. Because if they can conquer all those allied nations and obtain the means and the wealth which it would bring to them, we fear that we could not stand up and oppose such a conqueror: therefore, I say that I feel, and I think a good many of us feel, that we are glad that we have not got to meet these tremendous propositions and take these tremendous chances, and have this great anxiety and worry which I am sure the whole civilized world feels at the present time.

Excuse me—I have taken more than the three minutes, but that just reminds me of a little story—I remember in Congress one of the young members from Ohio was speaking under the five minute rule, and it was his first speech. He got up to speak and he spoke about three minutes and sat down; and some of the other members hollered out: "Go on, go on, you got two minutes more." "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I never realized before how long five minutes was." (Laughter.)

Now, I want to say that I cannot add anything to what Brother Spaulding said, but I am sure that we all feel that we owe a debt and obligation to Brother Driver. "Blest be the tie that binds." Brother Driver has been really a tie that has tied this class together, for he has taken all the trouble and has he not done all this work and had the welfare of the class at heart?

I think we want to add to this solid expression of our thanks a verbal expression of appreciation and thankfulness that he is one of the thirty that has been spared to us; and we hope he will—I think I may say that he will—have the honor of being the last survivor of the Class of '60, because the remaining ones of the class cannot get along without him, anyhow. (Great applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: The next is our class-committee man of long service—the brains of the class committee—Edward Johnson.

MR. JOHNSON: Classmates, I would like to suggest that we sing the original version of "There is rest for the weary, there is rest for the weary—there is rest for you."

In the Christian's home of glory  
 There remains a land of rest;  
 There my Saviour's gone before me,  
 To fulfill my soul's request.

There is rest for the weary, there is rest for the weary, there is rest  
 for you.

On the other side of Jordan, in the sweet fields of Eden, where the  
 tree of life is blooming,

There is rest for you.

He is fitting up your mansion,  
 Which eternally shall stand,  
 For my stay shall not be transient  
 In the holy, happy land.

There is rest for the weary, etc.

Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory,  
 Shout your triumph as you go;  
 Zion's gate will open for you,  
 You shall find an entrance there.

There is rest for the weary, etc.

THE CHAIRMAN: I want to add a word: If I do live five years more I want to answer the last call of the Class of 1860. And although I had work and loving family around me, to support me in all times and conditions, I have to thank the classmates for the wonderful loyal support that they gave me in everything I have undertaken.

Here is a man that we have often wished we had present. I have longed for him and we all longed for him; but he is here today, like a new revelation from the other world—John Torrey Morse will give us a word.

MR. MORSE: I am not prepared. Mr. Bowman has used up my three minutes, Mr. Chairman, and I am glad he did. To tell the honest truth, I never made a speech. I cannot make a speech.

THE CHAIRMAN: You have three minutes more.

MR. MORSE: You remind me of that time when Loti was put into the French Academy. You all know that story, perhaps.

THE CHAIRMAN: I never heard it.

MR. MORSE: Another gentleman and Loti were made members of the French Academy. Loti spoke first. The other man was obliged to make a speech on the day that he was—what we Americans would call “initiated”—but I believe they did not use that vulgar phrase in the French Academy. Loti made his speech. The President got up to welcome the other man and asked him to make his first speech. He said that Mr. Loti had so well expressed all that he intended to say, so much better than he would have done himself, that there was nothing left him to do.

I am afraid Bowman is too serious about this German terror. It seems to hang over his head a little bit. I suppose that the fact that the Class of 1860 is more than ten years out of college does increase the danger. They never would have touched us in 1870—not while Caspar was around. But perhaps a few of us could still stand up. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: A man who is more than a catalogue, for he knows not only names of books, but contents: who bears many honors for his perfect work, C. Alexander Nelson, the eminent librarian.

MR. NELSON: Classmates, I am not a speechmaker, as perhaps you have known at previous dinners. I think the more recent remarks went as deep in our hearts as any remarks that could have been made. While I have been sitting here and drinking in as hard as I could the sentences of my dear classmates around me—and it is for this reason that today I look back with sadness and gladness: that I can remember the faces of those who were with us five years ago—

MR. WELD: I ask for pardon for the interruption—I am delighted to see so many of you here, and I hate to get off without saying anything more than how do you do to you all. I have to catch a train, and Brother Driver said I had to get up and say a few words to you. I want to tell you that it seems to me, in the words of a previous speaker, that we might well be glad that we have not got to face the problems that are coming up to us in the future. They are too dreadful and too awful to contemplate. One thing I want to say of my experience in the war, and that is, that I don't understand how the Germans are making such splendid fighters. In

our war, they did miserably in the old Eleventh Corps. The Army of the Potomac was the byword for everything that a poor soldier should be. They lost the battle of Chancellorsville, they had no discipline, they were no good at all, and I don't understand how they are making such soldiers as they are today. To let you know that probably our children are inspired with the same spirit that our class had:—I had a letter from my youngest boy in which he said in case we had a war that my three boys would all go. I was glad of it, but I felt sorry at the same time—glad, but wished that the young men at the present day were inspired by the same spirit that we all had in our class. I don't know that I have anything to say. I hope I shall meet you all at the Commencement tomorrow, and that we shall have another pleasant reunion there. (Applause.)

MR. NELSON (continuing): I was about to say that I recall with gladness that I can remember the voices of Palfrey, Sherwin, Furness, and the men who were here five years ago. I don't want to make a speech—I cannot make a speech, and I made up a little something in the line of verse, which I will read:

Hail! Brethren of Sixty! five swift-winged years have passed  
 Since summoned to our Golden Day a goodly band we massed.  
 How they have "thinned our numbers" till we saddened few remain  
 To call our missing loved ones whom we hoped to meet again.

Woodward, mighty educator and skillful engineer,  
 Whose name a host of students both honor and revere.  
 Sherwin, our Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*,  
 Upon whose manly grace and fame no envy can encroach.

Allen, the Christian preacher, who came across the sea,  
 To greet us on our Jubilee with rhythmic melody.  
 Holway, reserved and stately, gentle, refined and true,  
 Beloved as helpful chaplain by many a navy crew.

Furness, full of zeal for Harvard, Haughton rector rare,  
 Olly Wadsworth, great physician, whom we ill could spare.  
 Abbott, Brandon, Burgess, Thomas, Batchelder are missed;  
 Weymouth, Palfrey, Nickerson; how long the quinquennial list!

One by one they've fallen and left us to join the fast increasing band  
 Of those who wait our coming over in "the promised land."  
 Here we closer draw together and in deeper friendship share,  
 While we name with tender memories those who've left a vacant chair.

But enough of sad remembrance, in this year of world-wide strife,  
 We have somewhat more of duty to perform while yet we've life.  
 Duty to Humanity, to our country and to God,  
 Never man of Class of Sixty shirks while he's above the sod.

As stood our brothers two score and fifteen years ago,  
 Lovers of peace we men of Harvard's soldier class still stand a-row,  
 Four square, with shoulder touching shoulder and bayonets a-fix,  
 The spirit of Young Sixty still fires the pulse at seventy-six!

Upon suggestion of the Chairman the following was sung:

# OAK.

I'm but a stranger here,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 Earth is a desert drear,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 Danger and sorrow stand  
 Round me on every hand,  
 Heaven is my Fatherland,  
 Heaven is my home.

What though the tempest rage?  
 Heaven is my home.  
 Short is my pilgrimage,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 Time's cold and wintry blast  
 Soon will be overpast;  
 I shall reach home at last,  
 Heaven is my home!

THE CHAIRMAN: A man with wit and humor always ready;  
 stir him carefully or the cork will fly—Arthur May Knapp.

MR. KNAPP: Classmates, if my few remarks assume a personal aspect, you certainly cannot blame me. My daughter said to me the other day, "What you need, Papa, is experience." (Laughter.) I am going to tell you of one or two of my experiences, thinking, perhaps, they may be interesting to you.

I was some little while ago asked if I played chess, and, of course, my answer was "No." My wife had been a chess player. You remember we had some fun when we were in college with Daniel Pratt—Daniel G-o-a-t, the great original American traveler—you have now before you the legitimate successor of Daniel Pratt G-o-a-t. I thought I was following the footsteps of Daniel Pratt G-o-a-t, al-

though I believe he was never outside of New England. But there seemed to be a peculiar fitness in my taking up his work, because you know he was a crank, like myself, and like myself, having failed in everything else, he took to the road. But there are two or three of my experiences which have to do with the great factors of the Class of 1860, that is, experiences in which I played an humble part in bringing into prominence the career of the class. It so happened that when I first entered Tokio in 1887, as I marched from the station into the public square, I heard a band of music approaching from a side street, playing our class song. I thought it was a very touching attention. I thought at the same time it might interest you to know the honor that had been accorded to the class.—It turned out, however, to be the Salvation Army playing, "There is rest for the weary." Then, as some of you have touched upon the present war—it may be interesting to you to know that one of your class had a personal acquaintance with the cause of the war. It so happened that I once crossed the Pacific with Francis Ferdinand, the Crown Prince of Austria, and as he stole my suitcase—that is, it was found in his cabin, after a long, weary search—it gave me an opportunity to come in contact with him. I found him one of the most delightful and chummy of traveling companions—one of the best informed men I ever came across. There was another incident which I came across that proved to be a victory for the class. I happened to be taking across with me a couple of Japanese boys—servants in my family—and we had not only Francis Ferdinand but also Prince Galichesky of Russia, and each had quite a full cargo of nobility and titles aboard, and the passage log was rather curious. It read: "His Royal Highness Francis Ferdinand and a valet, Count Clam Martinique and valet, Count Rembrandt of Stuttgart and valet, Prince Galichesky and valet—and then Mr. A. M. Knapp and two valets." "Never fear, then, for '60." (Applause.)

MR. JOHNSON: This is something I meant to read and almost forgot. You remember, classmates, Holway died last winter and the class committee sent a wreath of flowers to the funeral, and how my name is connected with it I do not know. This is from his daughter. I do not know how she got hold of it, because I put in a blank card "with the sympathy and love of the classmates of 1860"

on it; but she evidently asked the florist and I received this letter:

"MY DEAR MR. JOHNSON:

"My mother and her children wish to express their deep appreciation and thanks for the beautiful wreath of red and white roses which came to my Father from his beloved Class of '60.

"Father deeply loved his class and looked forward each year with keenest pleasure to its reunion.

"Very sincerely yours,

"EDITH B. SPEARE,

"(Class Baby)"

MR. SPAULDING: This Mrs. Speare was his devoted daughter, and his son-in-law was as devoted to him as his own daughter. I did not know that our class was in any way represented at his funeral. I am glad to know just one or two other names—and that is about Haughton and Sherwin. They were both stricken down, but just as soon as consciousness returned to them they began to fight on. And Haughton told the others around his bed that he never had forgotten that last time he saw us all together, that was at the dinner five years ago, and then about Sherwin, as I told you, and last of all poor Holway. I am very glad to know that there was some remembrance of the class at his funeral. After the last time I saw him, I intended to write to him; and he sent a check to me, and then on the 26th of March he was gone, and the following Sunday was buried.

THE CHAIRMAN: There are some other things that we would like very much that the class should know. Here is a letter:

"BURLINGTON, June 8, 1915.

"MY DEAR STEPHEN:

"I am very sorry that I cannot be with my dear classmates on the 23d; I shall keep account of the hours on that day, and after allowing for the sun shining an hour earlier on the Class of 1860 than it does on us out here, I shall stand up at 1.30 P. M., and look toward you all, and my heart will be with you all, dear Boys that you all are.

"Ever yours,

"H. B. SCOTT."

Here is another one:

"MY DEAR DRIVER:

"Much to my sorrow, I cannot be with you tomorrow. I find it is simply impossible, though I have omitted no effort to get to Cambridge on our anniversary, if I could. All I can do is to send my particular love to every member of the class. Frank Hackett, who was after us, has just been in my office, and I have sent the same message by him. He tells me he will be in Cambridge tomorrow, and has promised to see as many members of our class as he can find in our classroom. These anniversaries bring some sober thoughts, but they ought to be overcome, in our case, by looking back since the day of our graduation upon a past that, considering the part our classmates played in the war, was a glorious one, and by looking forward to a future that must be a happy one. God bless you all!

"Faithfully, your classmate,

EDMUND WETMORE."

THE CHAIRMAN: There is one more here, from James C. Fernald. One only.

It might be that you have never heard from the silent man who is so very eloquent when he speaks: Myron A. Munson, most grave and reverend senior, we await a word from you. Three minutes you will have.

MR. MUNSON: I am counted a brave man. Well, in certain ways I am honored. I have nothing to say except to reiterate what I said five years ago or ten years ago—I have forgotten which—when I had just discovered in my heart a very fervent love for my class, my classmates and for my college. I had gone through the course and had lived a good many years since, and been more or less acquainted with the course of my classmates; but somehow my heart had never been quite so glowing with affection as it became at that gathering, and I am most happy to be with you again on this occasion. With this remark—that we shall all be together again in this world, that we shall never forget our interest in each other and our desire for the prosperity and happiness of it as long as we are in this world, and that we shall join under happier conditions possibly in the life everlasting. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: The way of transgressors is hard, unless you have a man like Humphreys to make the path easy to parietal pardon. We would like to hear from the man whose petitions were so effectual in our college days.

MR. HUMPHREYS: I never speak extemporaneously now, so I put down a few words. (Reading): Dear Brothers:—Fifty-five years since we first sang our class song seems a fitting time to make some inventory of our losses and gains. Our losses as the great war class of Harvard we have never failed to estimate and regret in every gathering. Our heroes gave up their precious lives, but isn't it about time for us to think of those losses as enduring gains, and to turn those regrets into happy thanksgivings? What greater thing could our soldier brothers have done if they had lived a hundred years? Dying so young they yet wrote their names on the scrolls of everlasting remembrance and their example is today strengthening the arms of the defenders of freedom and justice throughout the world. Let us then think more of our gains through their sacrifices, and make their heroism stimulate us to a rivalry of devotion.

Again, as the years pass we appreciate more the ties that bind us together. And this is true not only of individuals of the same class, but also of children of the same Alma Mater. Go over the world anywhere and if you meet a Harvard man you at once take a special interest in him and he in you. Thirty-six years ago, as I was seeking health in the islands of the sea, I tried Teneriffe and found a delightful climate in the valley of Orotava. But better than the climate was my finding there a Harvard man. It mattered not that he was six years ahead of me in college, it mattered not that he fought on the other side in the war. I sent him my card and he at once opened to me his heart and his home with a Southerner's overflowing hospitality. While we sat at his most bountiful table, he told of the hunger and exhaustion to which he was driven with Lee, on whose staff he served, by Sheridan's Cavalry, in which was my regiment. And though he had taken refuge in this distant island because he felt that he could never again live happily in his native land, he warmed up at every mention of old Harvard, and at every incident in the heroic service of his classmate, Charles Lowell, who was my colonel, and when on my return I put the bust of Lowell into Me-

morial Hall, I sent a photograph of it to my generous host in Teneriffe. For many months I had no response, but when it at last did come, it came from Virginia, and Colonel Robert H. Renshaw was happy again in his native home. I know not how much the ties of Alma Mater had to do with it, but from what he wrote me himself and from what his son has written me later, I feel sure that they helped to build the bridge for his return.

But, of course, the strongest ties are those that bind us together as classmates, and when last month I tremblingly ventured to put into print a small book of verse, I did not hesitate to send a copy to every classmate whose address I could obtain, and I felt sure that it would fall into friendly hands. But I did not appreciate how kindly the response would be. It seemed as if there was a conspiracy among you to crown me with the green bays of poesy. But I forgave you and said to myself they have probably noticed that my crown is growing very thin of hair and have felt that it might be a comfort to the old man to wear a laurel wreath. Ned Wetmore even invented a definition of poetry that might admit me to the company of the Muses. That is the way classmates will do with their fellows. And they have been doing it with me from the beginning. As our graduation approached and the second sight of the Phi Beta Kappa men had been admitted, they saw that Woodward and I and a few others were left out in the cold and they had the limit of election stretched in order to include us, and I believe I was the last to squeeze in. So, God bless you, one and all. I went to the Phi Beta Kappa on Monday and in the procession there were only ten ahead of Whittemore and myself. The next one ahead was President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot, and when Whittemore left me at the door of the Banquet Hall, I went in with the ex-President and sat with him through the feast. So I felt that Sixty had come to its own. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: We must now hear from one whom we had hardly expected to attend. I will ask you to give us a word, you who are still eloquent, although without the sight of your eyes—Silas D. Presbrey.

MR. PRESBREY: Unfortunately, as you know, I have to depend upon others for knowing what is going on, as I lost my power of sight through ataxia.

Our old friend Sophocles used to give us lectures on the negative force of alpha primitive. I have found out what alpha primitive is. It is the lack of the power of sight. If you can conceive this idea—that any of you should try to stand before his best friends, as I have tried to do now, and speak to them without seeing a face, or seeing any signs of appreciation from those who look at him, then you know the predicament that I am in. I am glad to be with you, however, extremely delighted, even if I am not able to see you.

I thought it was my duty to write if I could not come, for I feared I should burden someone else to keep me from getting into trouble, but a good friend of mine, who is a graduate of the Class of '92, called at my house and said, "The fifty-fifth reunion of your class." "Are you going?" I said, "I cannot see how I can." He said: "I have come to say something to you: I will take you from your door, in my automobile, and take you to the Vendome and take you from there to your own door in my automobile if you will go with me,—(applause)—if you only can find somebody there who will look after you while you are at the Vendome and see that you don't do anything particularly wrong."

Said I: "If you will be good enough to leave me at the Vendome and leave me in the hands of Sixty, I will love you the more!" (Applause.)

MR. JOHNSON: Mr. Secretary, I want to tell the class that Stephen M. Weld says that if elected, he is willing to serve as class committee and treasurer. It seems to be so difficult to get one, so I thought I would tell you all to be there and vote for him.

MR. KNAPP: Mr. Chairman, I just came from Virginia, a few days ago, and I had an extremely pleasant experience there with the Confederate veterans. In one case an old Confederate from Kentucky, who was a member of Forrest's famous cavalry corps, got into conversation with me and in the course of our talk together it developed that I had been fighting on the other side, and what do you suppose that man did? He put his arm right around me and

said: "Now, we must march just so—in the parade next week—to bring down torrents of applause." Now, then, when I remember that the last time I tried to get to Richmond they threw things at me, and when I remember the wonderful hospitality with which they received me during my two months' stay there, I have come to the conclusion that this legacy of hate, which we so much dread as the outcome of the present war—a legacy of hate which has been lavished upon England and now seems directed toward our own country—I have come to the conclusion that it is not so much to be feared—that time brings oblivion of that thing and therefore I do not have so much to dread from that source, as we have been dreading of late. You see I am an optimist.

THE CHAIRMAN: I want to hear from that gentleman who is just rising and about to go. Brother Wheeler, I want to hear from you—just two words—Nelson J. Wheeler.

MR. WHEELER: I am very happy to be here today, exceedingly so. I look forward for us to meet at Commencement. I enjoyed this day immensely, as I enjoyed the day five years ago. I am very happy to be with you and hope to see a good many tomorrow.

THE CHAIRMAN: Brother George H. Whittemore, just a word, and the benediction. The benediction belongs to his profession.

MR. WHITTEMORE: I wonder how many of you remember with me in hearing the names of Sherwin and Haughton and Holway something that occurred thirty-five years ago. We had our twentieth anniversary at the Tremont House. You remember the Honorable James C. Carter coming in with a magnum under each arm and saying that it was an offering from the Class of 1850—he was of the Class of 1850—an offering from the plainest class of Harvard to the handsomest class. Can you find three men out of the class who would better deserve that tribute than the three whom I have named? I think all of us felt the last time we saw Holway at the gathering that he was rather the best preserved man of the whole class.

Mr. President, this has been a great month to me—a great month. There was a double anniversary on the 7th of June—Monday—I came home from an absence of almost two months, for I wanted to be in Boston on the 277th anniversary of the Ancient and Honor-

able Artillery Company and the 250th Anniversary of the First Baptist Church of Boston. I think you will think that is rather a strange collocation, but when I come to the name that is referred to in the history of both organizations, and that is connected with Harvard about as early as anything except the names of the founder and of Governor Dudley, who signed the first charter and to whom the beautiful gate was dedicated on Saturday last, opposite the club—the Harvard Union—you will think that perhaps there is method in my madness.

The biographer of Dunster tells us, after having referred to the fact that Dunster came to what is now the northwest corner of Court and Washington streets in 1640—he tells us that it is rather singular that about this time the name of Dunster occurs on the roll of the Boston Artillery Company—now the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. He says that one of the company—Whitman—had proposed the word “Honorable”—which was probably correct. It won't seem quite so strange when you remember that Dunster was a contemporary at Cambridge University, England, of John Milton. Milton was a year older and a year before him as a student, but you all remember what the definition of Milton was of a true and complete education: “That which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously all the various phases of peace and war.” I think if Dunster had lived to now he would have been all those—he would have been with those who work and seek a more excellent way—he would probably have been with those good and wise men who are with our President Wilson and our friend Bryce and all others—good and wise men on both sides of the water—who are seeking and praying for a more excellent way—a more honorable way. We hear the name of Dunster from Lord Moreley. The name of Dunster was referred to down there on the corner of Clarendon and Commonwealth Avenue at that beautiful church: the only sad thing about it to me is that it is not only the home of the living church—the First Baptist Church—but the costly monument of an extinct historic church, the Brattle Square, where John Hancock was christened and had a pew. I like to think, however, that one of the most noted ministers of the church in the Revolution was the Reverend Samuel Stillman, and I believe John Hancock had a

pew in his church as well as in his own Brattle Square. The historian of that church—the First Church—our first church—said that Dunster was virtually the founder of that church, and that if he had lived six years longer he would probably have become its first minister.

I think it is a great record, and I am proud to say that this man was a natural, as well as a spiritual, ancestor of mine, for President Eliot has called him one of the saints and heroes of Harvard and President Quincy called him a martyr. In view of all that has been said and brought before us today and every day, of things crushing us down, what a contrast such a name and good report is to the name and shame of one who would make or could prevent such a war as this which dissolutes and appalls and convulses the whole world—arch criminal of all times, world's example for bad, for you Hell shouts, "This is thy clime, the realm to hail thy name,"—and thank Heaven that we can sing in memory of Samuel Dunster and for peace on earth, good will toward men,

To these dear scenes of long renown,  
 Then Boston young, fair Harvard new,  
 A scholar came glad to make known  
 Time's ancient lore and God's word true.  
 Two centuries and a half ago,  
 When forced his views to lay down,  
 He for his faith bowed to the blow,  
 And now from God and men wears crown.  
 Dunster, we hail thy martyr name,  
 Our churches will thy life behold,  
 Serve and endure, urged by thy fame  
 And prayer and love for all Christ's fold.  
 God of this patron saint, Thy face  
 Can light a world with saving health.  
 Beauty and peace, be on our race  
 Then crowned of high memorial wealth,

and may the blessing of this God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ be with us all. Amen!

THE CHAIRMAN: Let us sing a verse of the hymn written by Gannett at the time he graduated:

The first and third verses were sung:

There's a smile in the eye, but it lights up a tear,  
As the sun sadly glows through the mist;  
Every heart yearns to heart, for the parting is near,  
And we now, brothers, keep our last tryst.  
From the meeting of mirth to the last sacred rite  
Due to memory—all is now o'er,  
Our last chorus has died on the echo of night,  
And the old places know us no more.

With this faith in the past we will welcome the new,  
Our eager thoughts press to the strife;  
Now on with your armor! Be earnest and true!  
Are we ready, O brothers, for life?  
Are we ready to strike for the right and the truth,  
And, failing, to strike yet again?  
Come brothers, fill out the bright promise of youth,  
Now help us, our God, to be men.

THE CHAIRMAN: We will hear a few words from Samuel G. Webber.

MR. WEBBER: I will only say that I am glad to meet my classmates and hope that a great many of us after five years more will be able to come together for another pleasant time. That is all, gentlemen, and I won't undertake to say anything more.

THE CHAIRMAN: Just a few words from James A. Towle.

MR. TOWLE: Our education should be more than it is and even more than it was in our day, although I think it was better then than now—it was an education of character and morals and education spiritually and intellectually, and certainly superior to that they are having in New York. No emphasis is laid there on morals and character, and I feel it is a fatal mistake and a fatal danger for the coming generation. That is the trouble across the water with that nation in connection with whose name we shudder—it is education and culture—but no moral character, absolutely none. And I feel we must insist that in our colleges, if we are not to face the same disturbance of the general peace, more emphasis should be laid on the education of morals and character.

CHARLES FISKE: I have only time to give you one and all my hearty congratulations that so many of us, tough old birds of the Class of 1860 as we are, have been able at this time to hop up onto the

branches of its Tree of Life, partake of its fruits, and chirp happy and grateful notes of Thanksgiving and Joy that we have so far and well withstood the powerful ravages of "Old Father Time."

THE CHAIRMAN: It is my duty to end this meeting and to bid you farewell. I cannot help feeling that it is the last time we meet. I don't want to touch upon sad things. I want to keep up our splendid spirit to meet the future with brave hearts. Whatever should befall us, we will still live up to the high standards of 1860. I thank you all for your wonderful gift to me, for your presence and for the present—and for the words which I treasure like apples of gold in pictures of silver—and here is the picture of silver and there the apples of gold. (Great applause.)

## Class Directory

### GRADUATES.

- George E. Adams, 530 Belden Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Henry D. Atwood, Taunton, Mass.  
Hon. Selwyn Z. Bowman, 355 Broadway, Somerville, Mass.  
Frederick W. Bradlee, 107 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.  
Edward Carter, 107 Lagauchetiere St., Montreal, Can.  
Dr. Stephen Wm. Driver, 5 Farwell Place, Cambridge, Mass.  
Rev. James C. Fernald, 207 Larrine Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.  
Charles H. Fiske, 10 P. O. Square, Boston, Mass.  
Rev. William C. Gannett, 13 Berkeley St., Cambridge, Mass.  
Rev. Henry Hinckley, 116 Upland Road, Cambridge, Mass.  
Rev. Charles A. Humphreys, The Monadnock, Dorchester, Mass.  
Francis W. Hunnewell, care of H. H. Hunnewell & Son,  
87 State St., Boston, Mass.  
Edward C. Johnson, 123 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.  
Rev. Arthur May Knapp, Brookline, Mass.  
Daniel T. S. Leland, Randolph Hall, 9 Norway St., Boston, Mass.  
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